Saturday Night

MARCH 30TH 1957 TEN CENTS

Birth Rate vs. Slow Starvation: The Human Dilemma

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Lord's Day Alliance On The Way Out?

BY WILLIAM P. JENKINS

Coexistence Begins At Home

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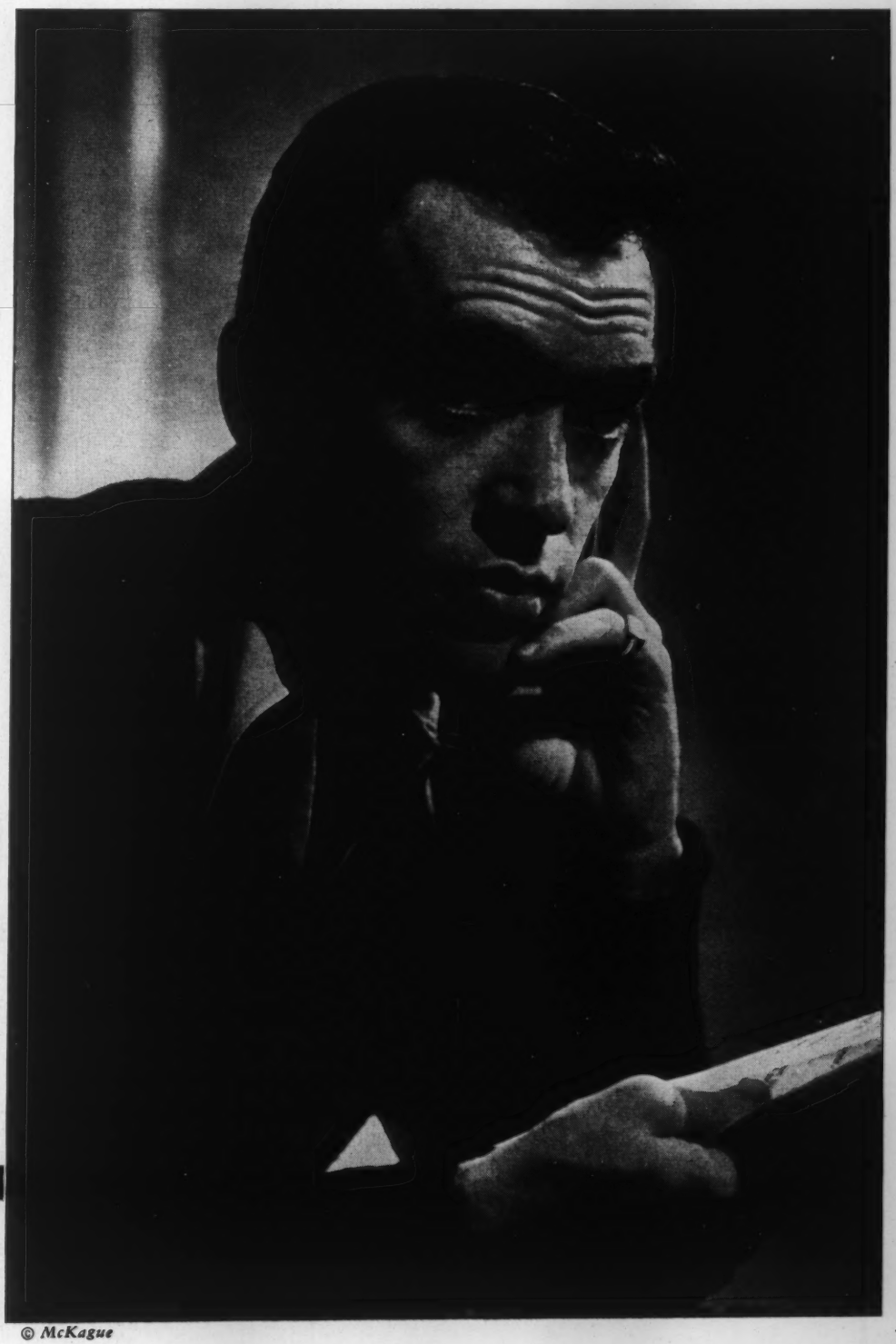
BY TRENT FRAYNE



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Virginia Thoren

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CANADA MINK

THE FRONT PAGE

- Mr. Harris on a Tight-Rope
- Box Office at the Grandstand
- Padlocks and Unwritten Rules
- Morals and the Middle East

Preach, Not Practise

WITH THE dire warnings of the Bank of Canada's Governor, James E. Coyne, moaning in his ears, and the battle maps of an election campaign before his eyes, Finance Minister Harris brought down a predictable budget. He provided enough hand-outs to enable Liberal candidates to talk about their party's warm concern for the welfare of all Canadians, young and old. And he did nothing to give his opponents any new chance to accuse him of adding to inflationary pressure on the Canadian economy.

The hand-outs, as such, are miserly. If the baby-bonus is a good thing—which we doubt—the addition of a dollar a month means little; a couple of extra sandwiches and a glass of milk and the dollar is gone. Much meaner, however, is the $6 increase in the pensions for the aged, the blind and the disabled. The minimum reasonable boost should surely be $10. With the steady depreciation in the value of money, $6 represents no more than two or three years loss of purchasing power.

With the prophets of inflationary doom, led by Mr. Coyne, filling the land with their forebodings, Mr. Harris would have been courageous indeed had he reduced income and corporation taxes, or given any substantial relief to purchasers of such things as automobiles and cigarettes. The Government loves little children, of course, and so the 10 per cent excise tax on soft drinks, candy, chocolate and chewing gum comes off—a move that will bring no cheers from dentists and dieticians. But the "fiscal policy of the Government is one of restraint".

The restraint, unfortunately, is one-sided. The Government seems to think that the rule of moderation does not apply to its own operations. In his previous budget, for example, Mr. Harris estimated that the Government would collect $4,763 million and spend $4,650 million. But the spending actually amounted to $4,867 million. Fortunately for Mr. Harris, the in-take was about $500 million more ($200 million of which has been spirited away by the Canada Council and some rapid book-keeping). Carefully ignored by the Finance Minister and his aides is the fact that the biggest single inflationary influence in the

Finance Minister Harris: Restraint?

Canadian economy today is the Government's own lack of restraint in taxing and spending. The cost of virtually everything we buy is inflated by taxes and by the pressure of government spending on the market for materials and services.

If the Government really wants to flatten out the curve of inflation, it can start by reversing the upward curve of its own spending. But it won't, of course; spending is too easy.

Grandstand Performance

EACH YEAR about this time a few frantic columnists and idea-bound editorial writers in Toronto try to tell Producer Jack Arthur how he should stage the grandstand show at the Canadian National Exhibition. Mr. Arthur knows a great deal more than his critics not only about show business but about the likes and dislikes of Canadian audiences. But still they raise their annual bleats: why isn't the show more cultural, more Canadian, more this and more that? They're a pretty thick-skinned lot, too — they're pulling the same tired old stuff out of their typewriters this year, even after the lesson Mr. Arthur gave them last fall.

In 1956 Mr. Arthur put on the sort of show the bleaters have been yelling for; it had no "big name" entertainers. Profit was $10,000. In 1955, he had Ed Sullivan as the grandstand headliner. Profit was $80,000. And still the *Toronto Star* could come out with such piffle as this. "What seems to be forgotten is that last year's star-less attraction was considered by many the best grandstand show in the CNE's 78-year history. It seems to us to be more important to maintain the splendid standard achieved last year, even if that means a box-office sacrifice, than to comb the United States for a star who may have nothing to contribute to the show but his name."

The *Star's* "many", of course, could mean most of the people who saw last year's show or it could mean simply the writer and a couple of office boys. But obviously the star-less show did not mean entertainment to as many people last year as did the star-studded show the year before — and the purpose of the grandstand show is to entertain as many people as possible. It is not a vehicle for narrow nationalism or an instrument of pseudo-cultural uplift. It is a show put on for the enjoyment of the people who go to the Exhibition — and the people are pretty shrewd when it comes to paying for entertainment. Jack Arthur, a superb showman, understands this; the bleaters could too, if they were ever able to shed the cocoons of parochial prejudice they've spun around themselves.

End to the Padlock

IN 1919 there was a violent general strike in Winnipeg. Parliament panicked. In twenty minutes, two bills went through the Commons and the Senate. One amended the Immigration Act, to permit persons to be deported without trial. The other added a section to the Criminal Code — the notorious Section 98 — providing severe penalties for "seditious" talk and writing. Neither bill should have been passed. First the immigration amendment was deleted, and then in 1936 (delayed by Blimps in the Senate) Section 98 was repealed. Premier Duplessis promptly gave Quebec its vicious Padlock Law, which gave the provincial attorney-general the power to padlock for a year (with no right of appeal) any premises which, in

his opinion, were used in the dissemination of Communist propaganda.

The Padlock Law was challenged in the Quebec courts, and each time was upheld. The Federal Government, which had been quick enough to test the validity of Alberta's 1938 Press Act, did nothing. But finally an appeal, financed by lawyers and others in and out of Quebec, reached the Supreme Court of Canada. This month, the Court gave its decision, eight of the nine Justices agreeing that the law was unconstitutional. It was a significant judgment, a splendid victory in the struggle for civil liberty.

There are some after-thoughts, however.

One of the outstanding opinions in the Padlock judgment was given by Mr. Justice Abbott. The preamble to the British North America Act, he said, forbids Parliament itself from interfering with our essential freedoms. But this is the same Douglas Abbott who was a leading member of the Government that refused to challenge the Padlock Law. Yet governments are the makers of laws and, supposedly, are elected to protect our individual liberties; courts cannot make laws, but can only interpret and rule on them. Could Politician Abbott not persuade his colleagues to recognize the force of the argument so ably stated by Mr. Justice Abbott?

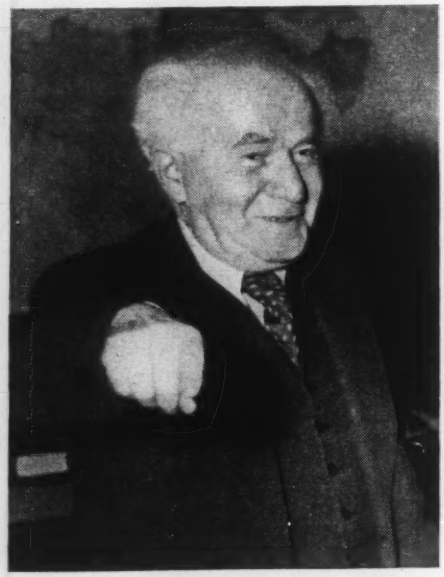
Then there is the attitude of many organizations, notably the Federal Government, towards Communists. The Government will make no move to outlaw the Communist Party in Canada, but has ordered that crews of Great Lakes vessels be "screened for security", and has taken other steps to put Communists in the "undesirable" class. If it is improper to restrict political freedom by law, is it proper to restrict it by unwritten rule? We believe that it is right to put restrictions on the activities of Communists. But we should be clear in our minds about the authority under which we use those restrictions.

Three Roads to Peace

THE UTTERLY confused and confusing statements about the Middle East made by Prime Minister St. Laurent a couple of weeks ago revealed once again that he should leave explanations of foreign policy to the Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Pearson. Mr. St. Laurent apparently realized this, somewhat belatedly. But his remarks also revealed the extent of the angry confusion of those who in the past few months have placed too much faith in the power and moral authority of the United Nations. Mr. Pearson himself has been more realistic. He recently told an audience of newspapermen:

"United Nations discussions are no substitute for wisely conceived and intelligently executed national foreign policies . . . The United Nations can only do what two-thirds of its members wish it to do by voting for a resolution . . . The United Nations can act only through recommendations which have nothing but moral force behind them . . . There is another danger: the development of a double standard of principle and practice in respect of Assembly resolutions."

The double standard has been evident for months. The result has been the passing of resolutions that can be supported by neither morals nor force. And that is why the dismal story of the Middle East goes from one dreary chapter to another.



Ben-Gurion: Deceived, humiliated.

Peace in the Middle East is important to the whole world. A world war could start there. How can peace be brought about? There seem to be only three ways: through the UN, by means of a working understanding between the United States and Russia, or as a result of a recognition by the countries in the area that the only real alternative to peace is destruction.

The UN may be able to keep a damper on the explosive situation until some sort of stable settlement is reached; that is the most that can be hoped for, as far as the UN is concerned. The Eisenhower Doctrine is a challenge to Russia more than an instrument of peace. The countries in the Middle East will remain at odds at least as long as the nations of the West fail to work out a realistic common policy to govern their relations with the Middle East.

Largely because of Western disunity, Ben-Gurion and Israel have been deceived and humiliated, Nasser and the Arabs have been pampered and appeased. But Israel is, in fact, the one big stabilizing force in the Middle East. Her ability to fight undoubtedly keeps the Arabs in check. And she is not putting a Soviet leash around her neck. Let us not forget that. It could be the foundation of a common policy.

Sharing with Betsy

BETSY is a chimpanzee housed in the Baltimore Zoo. Betsy is also a finger-painter in the abstract style, and the manager of the University of California's art show thinks well enough of her work to want some of her paintings in his show. But several other artists (human), also abstractionists, have objected violently; times are tough enough for artists, apparently, without competition from the anthropoids, and if Betsy's work is accepted, they will withdraw their own.

Betsy's opponents would be wise to forget their boycott. Not only are they being rather snobbish about the accomplishments of a fairly close relative but face the obvious charge that their own explorations of the primitive and subconscious (and who closer to the primitive and subconscious than an ape?) have no more form and matter than the scrawls of a bemused chimpanzee.

Senatorial Smears

AT CERTAIN TIMES, and with certain people, the ordinary courtesies must be forgotten and harsh words spoken. This is one of the times, and the people are those U.S. Congressmen and government officials who seem to think that Canada is enough of a U.S. colony to permit them to smear the reputations of responsible Canadians with the same guttersnipe abandon with which they attack their own countrymen.

For the second time in six years a Canadian diplomat's loyalty and integrity have been impugned. In 1951 a U.S. Senate investigating committee made public a charge that E. Herbert Norman, at that time acting head of the Canadian delegation to the United Nations, had attended a school for young Communists—with the implication that Mr. Norman was still a Communist. Our Department of External Affairs filed a strong protest, stating that Mr. Norman had been double-checked and remained a "trusted and valuable official".

A couple of weeks ago Mr. Norman was attacked again. Once more he was accused of being a Communist—in a U.S. Government security report read into evidence at a meeting of the Senate's Internal Security Sub-committee. This time the usual diplomatic "strong protest" is not enough. The U.S. witch-hunters must be told in the bluntest terms to keep their grubby fingers out of what is Canada's own business. The Department of External Affairs is responsible only to the Canadian Parliament and the people of Canada for its choice of personnel and the conduct and ideas of its employees. The Senate investigators need to be reminded of this. They can say what they like about Canadian policy, but they must be officially and forcefully informed that Canadians are not to be dragged through the Washington sewers.

Rising Birth Rate vs. Slow Starvation

by N. J. Berrill

Underfed Asiatics and overfed North Americans average 30 to 40 tons of food per lifetime.

No garden or cattle pasture, even one as big as the earth, can produce food indefinitely in sufficient quantity for a population as big and as rapidly expanding as is ours.

MANKIND is now in an explosive stage of population growth. During the first 700 years of the Christian era there were, with some ups and downs, about 300 million persons on the planet at any one time. It took nearly another thousand years, until 1650, for the population to double to 600 million, but only two hundred years, from 1650 to 1850, to double again to reach 1200 million. The next doubling took only a hundred years from 1850 to 1950, to roughly two and one half billion, and still the rate goes up. By the end of the present century there will in all likelihood be one and one half billion more mouths to feed than there are now, with no end in sight to the increase.

Much of the recent and prospective gain comes from a falling death rate rather than from any real increase in birth rates. Wherever technology has made progress the average age of individuals has increased as more and more of those who are born succeed in living their natural span of life before they die. And as our collective control of disease improves, the more rapidly the average age of human beings in general goes up.

Under the United Nations technical assistance program 4,000 experts, mobilized by the Food and Agriculture Organization, the World Health Organization and UNESCO, have joined with their colleagues in 71 nations, with impressive gains already being made in the control of epidemic disease. The old scourges of cholera, plague and malaria are yielding readily to chemical weapons and there have been no epidemics of either plague or cholera during the last five years. Half of the 500 million people living in malarious regions of the world are already protected by DDT from that disease. Before very long, so far as these and similar causes of early death are concerned, the average life expectancy for the great majority of mankind will have risen from a little more than thirty years to sixty or seventy. All those who might otherwise have died in infancy or in childbirth will survive to breed in their turn or to go on breeding. With the old checks on population growth being rapidly removed, the questions are: how long can we continue to increase and what finally will set new limits? Can we find food and energy to keep pace with our expansion indefinitely?

For a while at least, technology can do much to improve and maintain a balance. Actually, since the end of World War II, food production has caught up with the growth of population, due mainly to achievements in the more advanced countries, even though elsewhere production of food is lagging badly. Improving breeds of corn and sheep, control or elimination of locust plagues and cattle disease such as Rinderpest, development of irrigation systems, and many other constructive projects, however, are bringing great improvement in both quality and quantity of food throughout the undeveloped regions.

Yet in 1952 the earth's human population was increasing by about 60,000 persons every single day. During 1953 the number was up to 70,000, and now it is around 80,000 with each turn of the earth. At this rate, given time enough, we shall be standing on one another's shoulders and reaching out into space. Obviously if disease no longer keeps our numbers in check, maintenance requirements will soon begin to make themselves effectively felt.

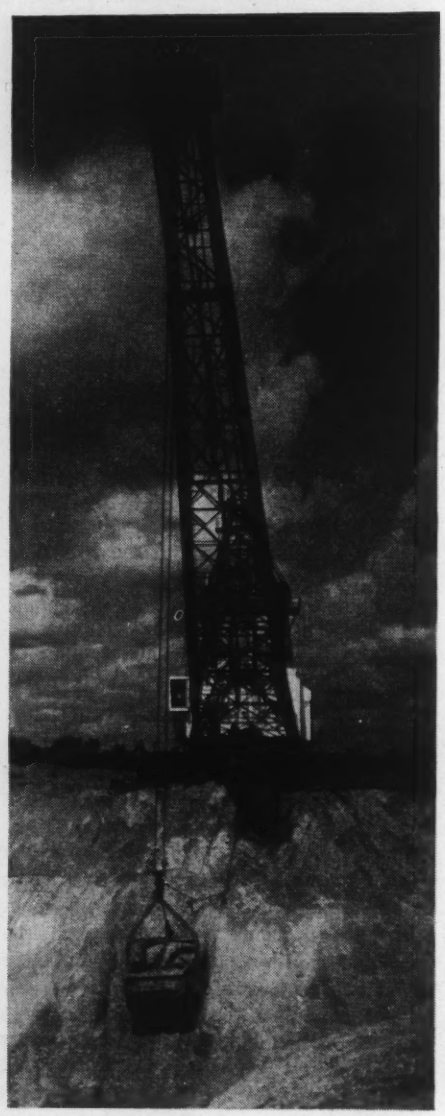
It takes a tremendous amount of food and fuel to keep a man alive for the seventy years we have been led to expect. In the United States and Canada about 3,000 calories are required each day for food per person and over 100,000 calories for heat and power. Elsewhere the average is close to 2,000 calories for food and 6,000 for fuel. Year in and year out, averaging the overfed North Americans and underfed Asiatics, every human being consumes about half a ton of solid food each year,

amounting to between 30 and 40 tons during his or her life time. No garden or cattle pasture, not even one the size of the whole earth, can produce food indefinitely in such quantity for a population as big and as rapidly increasing as ours. There are limits to productivity and sooner or later certain essential chemicals already in somewhat short supply will more or less run out.

Basically it is a question of fertilizer, as course, in various ways, so that you have more of certain kinds of living organisms than of others, with a continual shifting of emphasis. But any increase in one kind, whether of human beings, bugs or microbes, will be at the expense of the rest.

In the sea, for instance, which is beginning to be looked upon, mistakenly, as a potentially unlimited breadbasket for humanity, there is a so-called spring blooming early in the year when the multitudinous microscopic plant diatoms multiply rapidly. They comprise the basic food crop upon which all else depends, but they can grow and multiply only where light penetrates and only so long as phosphates are available in solution. By midsummer the light is at its strongest, but the phosphates have been used up and the crop no longer grows. Meanwhile, young fish and a host of other small animals have been feeding on the diatoms and have grown accordingly, and they in turn have been eaten by larger kinds. By fall the vast majority are dying either from age or malnutrition, and through their death and decomposition phosphorus is returned to the water. Unfortunately, as they die they sink, usually beyond the limits of light, and phosphates are returned to the upper pasture layers of the seas only after the turbulence of winter storms or other causes of upswelling. Then in the spring the cycle begins again. As marine organisms decay, however, calcium as well as phosphates are released, and to a considerable extent unite to form insoluble calcium phosphates which precipitate on the sea floor as sediment, eventually to become incorporated in sedimentary rock. This slow biological and geological process is of great importance to human welfare.

Above: 80,000 more humans with each turn of the earth. Below: the supply of essential phosphate will run out.



every farmer knows. For in principle there is little difference in growing corn to raise hogs and growing wheat to raise men. The yield from any particular region is determined by the acreage, the fertility, and the water supply.

A whole host of substances is necessary for healthy growth, whether of grass, cattle or human beings. Many of these are abundantly present everywhere, but there are some which are not. There are regions poor in calcium or in iron, and not so long ago when all food consumed was locally grown, such deficiencies made themselves felt in teeth, bones and blood. Such as these, however, are merely local; there is altogether a superabundance of calcium and iron, and there is such a movement of food supplies from one region to another that deficiencies of this kind usually cancel out. But more and more the yield of grasslands or croplands is maintained by means of chemical fertilizers, as a rule those consisting of mixtures of nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus, substances vital to growth and rapidly taken from the soil by a growing crop. Of these, potassium is available in virtually unlimited supplies and it is merely a matter of distribution. Nitrogen is present as four-fifths of the atmosphere and is now readily converted into nitrate fertilizer by industrial means. The crux is phosphorus.

Phosphorus is indispensable for life. We need it not only for the making of bone and teeth, but for the making and maintenance of muscle and brain. There is no substitute and so far as anyone can see, no means of creating it from other elements. Moreover, the supply is limited. The rest is a matter of arithmetic.

The total quantity of life possible on this planet depends on the supply of available phosphorus. It can be divided up, of

A human adult requires just a little more than one pound of phosphorus per year as a maintenance standard. During his growing years he needs more than that. In fact, about 24 per cent of the total minerals in the bodies of both men and animals is phosphorus, and even in plants the average is about 17 per cent. To be on the safe side, for a person who is to live a healthy life for seventy to eighty years, we should estimate his phosphorus requirements at close to 100 pounds. Where does it come from and where does it go? For these are questions which must enter any balance sheet concerning the optimum or maximum size of the human population, supposing all the phosphorus, like everything else, is ours for the taking and that the rest of nature has no rights.

The fertility of the soil as a whole depends primarily upon available mineral phosphates since other essentials such as water and nitrates are, in general, more

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Is the Lord's Day Alliance On the Way Out?

by William P. Jenkins

It should give up shadow boxing and come up with proposals for a wholesome and pleasant Sunday which would be acceptable in Canada.

Against: *Rev. W. P. Jenkins.*

THE LORD'S DAY ACT has been in the news again, this time in regard to the publication of a Sunday newspaper in Toronto.

The Lord's Day Act is a peculiar law, established several generations ago to prohibit economic and pleasurable pursuits on Sunday. It exempts acts of "mercy and necessity", which means that a physician can prescribe for a common cold on Sunday but a dentist can't fill a small cavity.

According to its supporters the act was passed to defend the laborer from a seven day week. But a clever wording made it possible to exempt the entire province of Quebec, and churches, of course, were exempt. All of which leads to the surmise that this act was passed to deprive Protestant Canadians of any means of escaping church. This view receives further support from the fact that the only people interested in the enforcement of the Act are a self-appointed group of Protestant clergy and laity called the Lord's Day Alliance. No labor leader of my acquaintance has any interest in this law and many are annoyed by the busy-bodies who defend it. Any value that it ever had in defence of the laborer has been made obsolete by the labor legislation and union organization of the 20th Century.

The Lord's Day Act and its vigilant Alliance are now the protectors of the vested interests of religious mediocrity. The Alliance fears that Sunday sports, Sunday concerts and other pleasant diversions will keep people from going to church. A few examples will suffice.

Some time ago the Lord's Day Alliance objected strongly to Sunday afternoon concerts (at a charge) at Hart House, on the campus of the University of Toronto. At the very time of their objection, the street near my church was being torn up on Sunday morning. This was not really necessary but no protest was made. My church offers monthly Sunday evening concerts with an admission price, which it is legally entitled to do. But we were subjected to the attacks of the Alliance.

The proposed Sunday newspaper offers the best example, however. Most of the work involved in producing a Sunday edition will take place before Sunday. Only a relatively few people will be involved in Sunday work. On the other hand, a Monday morning or noon edition must be prepared on Sunday. Newspaper staffs work Sunday afternoon and evening to produce these Monday editions. Yet no protest is made. Why? Because no one will read these papers on Sunday. But a Sunday edition might entice a prospective church goer to stay at home and read something more interesting than the morning sermon is likely to be.

The clergy fear the competition of a Sunday paper just as they fear public sports, concerts or other pleasant diversions.

If the churches were offering a message to meet the crying needs of our times, if the clergy were speaking in an interesting and challenging way to the minds and hearts of men, they would have nothing to fear. No sport, concert or amusement can compete with a powerful, meaningful religious message in this time of desperation.

The Lord's Day concept is in retreat. First it was Sunday tram service, then a number of things like cigarette sales in restaurants, now Sunday sports are getting established across the land and Sunday concerts will soon be a common thing. In the face of this I would advise the Lord's Day Alliance to give up this shadow boxing and retreat; to recognize human needs (it was Jesus who said, "The sabbath was made for man"), and to come up with proposals for a wholesome and pleasant Sunday.

Few Canadians would welcome a commercial Sunday, but most of them would like a Sunday that offered a wide choice of cultural and recreational pursuits.

Mr. Jenkins is the minister of the First Unitarian Congregation of Toronto.

For: *Dr. James R. Mutchmor and Rev. A. S. McGrath.*

Khrushchev, Bulganin and Tito: no change in principles.

Competitive Coexistence

by Maxwell Cohen

We should encourage coexistence, to our advantage; it could lead to the loosening of the chains binding the slave states and open windows for the Russians to see the world outside.

IN RECORDED history some events are watersheds that divide great periods of experience and determine thereafter the flow and directions of affairs for men and societies. The Russian revolution was such an event and the social and political history of all states has never since been quite the same.

As with all occasions large on the historical canvas, the rise of the Soviets was both "effect" and "cause", its limitless detail an admixture of chance, determination and "will", all present in such catalytic amounts as to have refashioned the lives of increasing millions not for a moment but now for two generations, and perhaps forever. For its neighbors, for free societies and for the "uncommitted" or neutral peoples, the impingement of the Soviet world — its ideas, its strategic strength, its perverse missionary dynamism, its example of rapid, brutal mastery of industrial and administrative skills in a primitive social order — has had and continues to have profoundly disturbing, and in some cases, shattering results.

Only now in the fifth decade of that revolution are we coming to understand something of its meaning for us in the permanent social ordering of life on this planet. And the present Soviet calls for "peaceful coexistence" among states of diverging and colliding beliefs and practices require us at least to explore the nature of this offer, its aims, its price, and its possibilities.

The complexity of great social and political changes provide an irresistible temptation to oversimplify, particularly when perspective is still limited and the contours of recent history too close to be seen in the light of eternity. Moreover, this is history yet very much in the making, for the Soviet Russians and Chinese are daily with us, a running concern to our safety, a threat to our peace and a menace to our view of man and society.

The race for atomic and missile supremacy, the search for influence and friends among the Afro-Asian peoples, the protection of Western Europe, the Middle East and Southeast Asia from direct attack or indirect penetration, all command our attention and cry for ideas, for resources and for action. Yet if we are to take action that is meaningful not only for short run security but for the longer run safety of our system and its values, we shall have to draw conclusions about this gargantuan political monolith that now seems here to stay, and these conclusions may have to be drawn even at the risk of over-simplification and error.

The Russians, the Chinese and their satellites are not only a system of states closely allied for strategic and economic purposes; they are members of a move-

East Germans show their hatred of Soviet.

Rule by fear: Red tanks in Budapest.

ment with certain relatively fixed beliefs as to the nature of man and his history, and certain convictions about other societies and their inevitable dissolution. Indeed, one of the more confusing tasks in understanding the Soviets is to realize that their domestic and international behaviour is at least three-dimensional — perhaps four-dimensional if Russia and the revolution are placed in the context of global social change in general. That is to say, all important Soviet policies may be viewed from the aspects of (1) Communist ideology, (2) traditional Russian statecraft, or (3) the practical needs of a rapidly industrializing society.

The drama of the collision between the West and the Soviets has tended to emphasize the ideological frame of reference and correspondingly to have reduced the search for answers in traditional Russian character, needs and policies and also in the practical problems of a peasant society engaged in a massive and planned assault to become the world's second industrial order. Indeed, perhaps one of the questions that is most tantalizing to the minds of students of the Soviets is that which asks whether leaders in Russia and China are themselves the prisoners of their own doctrines, or are they capable of taking decisions as men of affairs, as expediency may require whatever doctrine dictates? And the fact that millions of their peoples are living in some kind of order, however tyrannical, where the rise in mastery of resources has been rapid and in some cases spectacular — and with it the achievement of super-power status, parallel only to the United States — all suggest that many decisions are made with respect to resources and events that may be founded as much on what is needed, available and possible as they are on doctrinal dictates.

Probably it is not really possible to separate the ideological from the traditional-political and the economic developmental elements in Soviet policy and behaviour. Nevertheless it is worth examining some aspects of each in the hope of discovering a few clues to the destiny of that society and its relations with the non-Communist world.

If Marx was the grandfather of Soviet theory, Lenin was and is today clearly its father and its principal and unique oracle. For the devaluation of Stalin since the Twentieth Party Congress in February 1956, when Khrushchev made his now historic attack, while it has not eliminated entirely the words and policies of the dictator, or discredited all of his methods, it did reduce their status in the hierarchy of compelled beliefs and restored Lenin to the prophetic pinnacle. But as with most works of "authority", language can be found for opposing concepts, and these therefore justify whatever direction leadership may find it necessary to travel. Hence the Bolshevist view that history is on the side of the revolution and that apart from a little push here and there, through military or political help, all peoples are destined to travel the Moscow road, remains a central belief of the present regime — despite the apparent concessions to Belgrade in 1955 and 1956 which seemed to accept the notion of "different roads to socialism".

What Lenin said as to short-run adjustments with bourgeois states had nothing to do with his fundamental convictions on coexistence in principle, about which he held: " . . . We are living not merely in a state but in a system of states, and the existence of the Soviet Republic alongside imperialist states for a long period of time is unthinkable. Ultimately, the end will come, and a series of the most dreadful clashes between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states is inevitable" (Collected Works, 3rd. Ed., XXIV, 122).

Whatever "peaceful" or "competitive coexistence" may mean, they clearly do not envisage a permanent change in the structure of fundamental ideas that comprise the ideology of the Soviet leadership. Moreover, the entire program for the lessening of repression at home and tensions abroad, which seemed to be moving very slowly forward — a "thaw" in the ice-age of sickle society until the setback in Hungary — did not mean in the least an acceptance of a new non-Leninist approach at home towards greater political freedom through competing political parties, political "spontaneity", a free press and elections, or the revival of some form of parliamentary government. Here again Lenin's words need remembering: "Communism rejects parliamentarianism as a form of future society . . . It has as its objective the destruction of parliamentarianism" (Ibid, XXV, 581-2).

Now while it is true that Khrushchev at the Twentieth Party Congress declared that parliamentary institutions could be employed by Communists to achieve power and that force, civil war and general war are not inevitable to achieve power, these glosses on Leninism do not displace the basic tenets. Instead they are the tactics by which the Soviets make doctrine conform to facts in the face of the objective reality that bourgeois states are here, seem to be thriving and, indeed, as many new ex-colonial nations come into being, they take on bourgeois or social-democratic forms rather than Communist ones and do so as a matter of deliberate choice.

To these unpalatable but unmistakable facts must be added four other phenomena that must be threatening the ideological foundations of Soviet society, even if they have not yet altered the official mythology, except for the Khrushchev variations: first,

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City ..... Province .....

the "National Communism" of Yugoslavia and its growing influence on the satellites and on communist parties everywhere; second the physical power and ideological independence of Peiping China; third the centrifugal forces in the satellites where Poland and Hungary revealed how little actual hold on the minds of the masses had been achieved by ten years of Soviet ideological control; and, finally, the pressures inside the Soviet Union itself—ethnic, functional and geographical — all pressing for greater decentralization from Moscow for the republics and their culture, greater freedom from central direction for industry, and more opportunities for personal expression by the many thousands of newly educated classes in industry, in the army, in government, in the arts, all of whom have a vested interest in a stable order of decreasing tensions, where the good things of life can be savored amid declining fears.

Moreover, a better test of how meaningful or meaningless are the tactical variations by Khrushchev on Lenin's theme was Russian behaviour in Hungary, where the signs that Imre Nagy might have to introduce parliamentarianism and permit some modest counter-revolution and bourgeois social organization seemed to attack the theoretical base of the Soviet Union itself and could not be tolerated. Similarly the tentative although remarkable steps taken by Gomulka in Poland towards some kind of restored popular assembly, though within rigid limits, must keep the Soviet leadership awake nights for its pervasive influence on the other satellites and perhaps inside the Soviet Union itself. Finally, the decade of "national communism" in Belgrade has never been fully accepted or forgiven by Moscow; indeed at this moment of writing a new cold front has descended on Yugoslav-Russian relations with ideological, economic and political pressures all resuming their former battle stations.

Viewed on the traditional-political level, Russia has become the second super-power and pursues its imperial interests as intensively as any Czar. It has re-discovered its unique strategic location with borders in Europe and Asia from the Elbe to the Baltic to the North Pacific, boundaries covering over half the northern hemisphere, but all of this now combined with industrial strength, great supplies of manpower, and atomic energy. Moreover, it is able to harness to its strategic and diplomatic aims the energies and institutions of an international movement that largely still views Moscow as its Mecca, however competitive may be the "polycentric" claims of Peiping and Belgrade.

This Russia of traditional power and statecraft is the custodian of more integrated territory than any empire in history and more military power than any combination of states today on the Eurasian

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

QUIZ

On Weather Lore

by Bergen Evans

Isn't it true that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?

THIS ADAGE, usually advanced as an argument against the possibility of the recurrence of some misfortune, can offer little comfort to the thoughtful. The fact is that lightning is far *more likely* to strike twice in the same place than not. The reason is that lightning strikes, or passes through, conductors, whose total surface constitutes only an infinitesimal fraction of the earth's surface.

Sixty-eight times.

In the first ten years following its erection the mast on top of the Empire State Building was struck sixty-eight times, and the bronze statue of William Penn on the City Hall in Philadelphia has been struck even more often. According to a special dispatch to the Chicago *Sun-Times,* August 10, 1956, lightning has struck Abraham Lincoln's tomb in Springfield twice within the past five years. The bolt which hit August 8, 1956, sent granite fragments showering over a 100-yard area.

Among conductors — though not very good ones — are human beings, who manage to get struck by lightning about ten times as frequently as the laws of chance would indicate for the space they occupy.

Isn't the Arctic a land of eternal snow and unendurable cold?

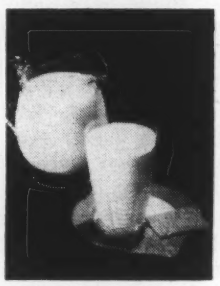
Very little snow?

THE BASIS of this persistent error regarding climate seems to be an imaginative conclusion drawn from the erroneous assumption that it gets colder in direct proportion to the distance north of the equator — a conclusion supported by almost every cartoonist who ever ran out of more original ideas.

Actually, the Arctic is dry, and there is very little snow there. More snow falls in Virginia than in the Arctic lowlands. Nor is it so cold as it is generally thought to be. It gets colder by as much as ten degrees in Montana than it ever does at the North Pole. Reykjavik, Iceland, is just below the Arctic Circle, yet it is considerably warmer there, judging by the mean annual temperature, than in New York.

Persistent popular notions about the Arctic were inherited from the Greeks and serve to show how tenacious an illusion can be. If the Greeks went north from their seagirt peninsula, they did, indeed, find it colder. If they went south, to Egypt or Libya, they did indeed find it hotter. But they were unjustified in assuming, as they did, that the farther north they went the colder it would get and the farther south they went the hotter it would get. Other peoples in other latitudes have been even more mistaken in taking over the Greeks' original mistake.

Doesn't thunder sour milk?



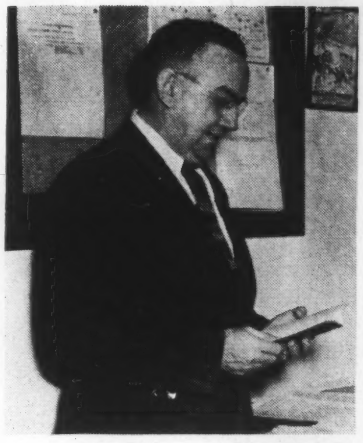
In sultry weather.

THOSE WHO contend that it does have confused thunder and the humid, sultry weather in which thunder storms are most likely to occur. Souring is the consequence of bacterial action, and the bacteria thrive best in warm, wet air.

Doesn't an unusual amount of gunfire or detonation of explosives cause rain?

THAT THE FIRING of artillery produces rain is a belief which, for all its prevalence, seems to have no better foundation than the similarity of gunfire to thunder. Yet it has been widely held. In 1911 a question was asked in Parliament as to the advisability of gunnery practice during the harvest season. The unusual wetness of the summer of 1915 was frequently ascribed to the cannonading in Belgium, and, according to a distinguished meteorologist quoted in the *New Republic* in 1944, the idea is still current.

Summer of 1915.



Canadiens' Selke

Pro Money Ruins Hockey

by Trent Frayne

Junior Hockey is in a bad way. It has vanished from many cities where once it flourished. The Memorial Cup finals have become a travesty. Our writer blames the pro system.

TEARS as large as lily pads hang publicly on the ample cheeks of Andy O'Brien, a Montreal sportswriter whose thoughts, weekend after weekend, are pressed into newspapers coast to coast. Recently, Mr. O'Brien has been weeping copiously on behalf of National Hockey League clubs, who are misunderstood and maligned, he suggests, in their efforts to help innocent children become big-league hockey players. The NHL is not ruining Canada's kid hockey, he warmly argues.

He cites the case of Frank Selke, the small sachem of the Montreal Canadiens, who "once kept an entire junior league operating at a total cost of $350,000 just to develop two juniors and both of them — Pocket Rocket Richard and Andre Pronovost — made it to the NHL."

Well, now, if this is not ruining kid hockey, what in blazes is? What happened to all the other boys in the league after Mr. Selke got his two players? What, indeed, happened to the league? I'll tell you. It folded. Even Mr. Selke's all-time, all-star junior club, the junior Canadiens, was switched from Montreal after he packed it with every promising youngster he could find and thereby left it with nobody to play against. The team was shipped to Ottawa, where it played exhibition games all this past season. In the whole vast province of Quebec, there wasn't a junior hockey club worthy of the name.

Since there *were* junior hockey clubs in Quebec long before the NHL Canadiens began "saving" leagues at $350,000 per annum to develop two boys, it's logical to assume that there still would be if Mr. Selke had kept his coarse banknotes in the Forum vault in the first place. It might have cost him Pocket Rocket Richard and Audre Pronovost. But who, aside from the moguls and apparently Mr. O'Brien, ever had the notion that junior hockey exists for the sole purpose of producing NHL players?

Sponsorship has indeed been the villain. Where once the Memorial Cup final was the liveliest sports spectacle in the country, it is now a sorry travesty in which a talent-starved western challenger learns lessons in the fundamentals from an eastern roster packed with the finest juniors a pro team can recruit. Sponsorship did *that*.

Big league prospects: Junior Canadiens and St. Michael's test strength.

What happens is that fuzz-faced youths are ferreted out by hockey scouts and channeled into a pro club's farm system. Spoon-fed moppets — well, maybe they've graduated to forks, but just barely — are already earmarked at age twelve for a specific big-league club. By eighteen, if not sooner, they're dropped if they're not good enough for that organization's Junior A team. They've no place to go, because sponsored teams have long since priced the old-style independently operated teams out of existence. So the boys quit hockey.

Winnipeg, once a teeming incubator, has been killed by sponsorship. Men like Charlie Tipper, an undertaker, once paid the bills for teams such as the Elmwood Maple Leafs, but not any more. No Charlie Tipper can compete financially with, say, the Detroit Red Wings. The good players want to play for the Detroit-sponsored team, because, for one thing, the equipment is better, so the Charlie Tippers have been forced out of the game. Thus, if a boy can't make the grade with the pro-sponsored team, he can no longer turn to teams like the Elmwood Maple Leafs to develop latent talents. There *are* no Elmwood Maple Leafs. The youngster turns to football, or starts taking out girls.

Any pro hockey club that contends it's being altruistic in pouring money into kid hockey gets no sympathetic ear here. They do it not to preserve and broaden the amateur scope, but for the same reason that Mr. Selke kept a whole league going — to produce pros. If they're now crying about the cost, they have only themselves to blame. Pro funds are not the salvation of hockey in Canada; the game would somehow manage to stagger along.

Mr. O'Brien goes to the trouble of noting that "about 95 per cent of the players in the NHL today came from junior clubs financed by the NHL", and cites young Richard of the Canadiens, Doug Mohns of Boston, Andy Bathgate of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

'Baby play with nice ball?' (1945)

Drawing the Line

by Robertson Davies

Low's Autobiography—pp. 382, index and illustrations—*Michael Joseph—$7.*
The Goodtempered Pencil, by Fougasse—pp. 222, index and illustrations—*British Books—$4.25.*
Chips Off A Shoulder, by Sprod—pp. 96—*British Books—$2.25.*
Merry England, by Ronald Searle — pp. 118 — *Michael Joseph — $3.50.*

IN HIS INTRODUCTION to one of the books to be reviewed today the editor of *Punch,* Malcolm Muggeridge, says: "It is worth pointing out that Australia, in relation to its population, has produced or nurtured more humorous artists than any other country. Why this should be so I cannot tell. Perhaps it is that the harshness of life there, and the vastness of its setting, presents a challenge to which a wry smile is the readiest and most natural response." This sounds like English romanticizing; Canada is much larger than Australia, and proportionately our population is even smaller; our setting is vast and our life comparatively harsh, but where are our comic artists? How many political cartoonists have we who can even draw a recognizable likeness of a Canadian statesman? No, Mr. Muggeridge, that theory won't work. We have vastness and harshness in plenty, but we are short on wry smiles.

A great political cartoonist must be, in his way, a great man. To those who are interested in politics, or caricature, or simply in remarkable men, I commend *Low's Autobiography,* in which David Low tells the story of his life and of his art. I salute it for the sprightly and frank manner in which it is written; I salute it even more gladly for what may be read between the lines. Artists are, in the main, inarticulate fellows, incapable of explaining themselves; Low does not suffer from that trouble, and I think he has written the best book of this sort since Augustus John produced a few chapters of autobiography. Low has revealed himself deliberately, and also inadvertently, in an amusing fashion.

What sort of man is he, who has shaken governments, provoked international rows, and made Prime Ministers tremble in their shoes? He is an incorruptible idealist from New Zealand who preserves to this day an extraordinary system of morality in which the blacks are as black, and the whites as snowy, as in his own remarkable drawings. Many artists are naive in their dealings with their fellow men; Low is a once-naive man who has been disillusioned in his dealings with the most chameleon-like of the human species—politicians. Through the years he has learned to understand something of their perpetual twisting and turning, but he has never quite been able to forgive it. His father became a religious fanatic; Low might have turned out a hellfire evangelist.

Admirable, you say; an incorruptible and naively honest man is just the person to keep an eye on the politicians. Yes, but wait a minute: Low is something a little more complex than that; he is also an artist, and a great one, with all the vanity, self-sufficiency and naked egotism of the artist. Time and again in this book these qualities in Low bring the reader bolt upright in his seat with a start. Hear him, when he writes about a row he got into with the government of the Irish Free State: "I got sick of being a target. I didn't mind political disagreement but it was evident that a lot of people were confused not only about the art of caricature, but about the function of the satirist in society". It is delightful to hear Low say that he was *sick of being a target.* Nowhere does he suggest that anybody else might have grown sick of being *his* target.

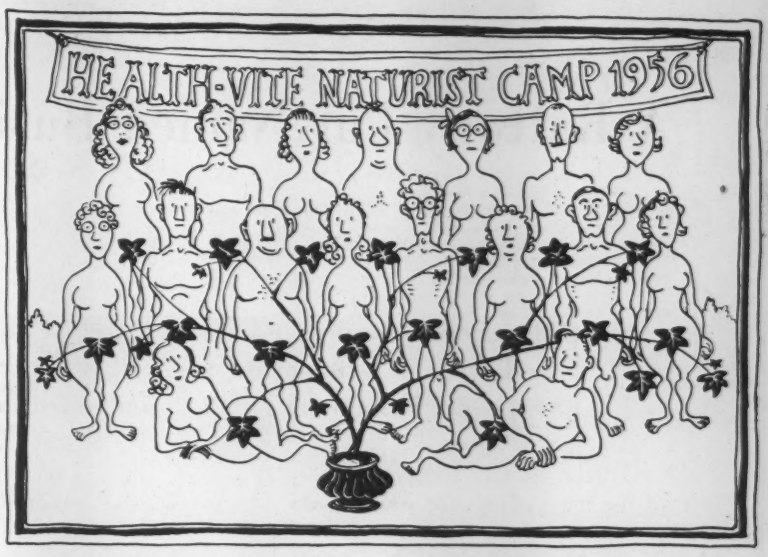
Again and again he expresses surprise that the public in general did not share his "zest to try to capture and reduce to visual terms that most elusive of all qualities, individuality". The stupid public just thought he was drawing rude pictures of famous people.

Perhaps the funniest incident in the book is an account of a party at which Winston Churchill seriously embarrassed Low by "advancing across a roomful of people with pencil and paper, ostentatiously pretending to make a sketch of *me*". Oh, unforgiveable impudence! The caricaturist caricatured! Unfair, unfair! In another part of the book Low tells us that he discovered a fascinating weakness of Bernard Shaw's—he did not like anyone else to make funny remarks when he was present; Low does not seem to have linked this with his own dislike of being caricatured. No man really likes amateur intrusion in his own preserve.

Low makes it plain time and again that he takes the art of the caricaturist with

"How to Kill a Man in Six Efforts" by Searle.

'Next time THINK *before you give him all your loose coppers.'*



Both cartoons from "Chips off a Shoulder" by Sprod.

the utmost seriousness, and cannot understand why his victims resented his work. He appears to have enjoyed his relationship with only two of his victims, J. H. Thomas and Sir William Joynson-Hicks. They were without resentment, and were thus admirable. But hear what Low did when challenged to caricature himself: "Pursuing a theory that small men most easily engage the affections of the public, I diminished my real size and recreated myself as a sad little Charlie Chaplin kind of character". Yes, a snuggly, lovable little Common Man, the pet of the plain people; only a great artist, with a great artist's vanity, could have seen any relationship between that figure and the Scourge of God who drew poor, broken Neville Chamberlain as an umbrella. Low never understands that other men, also, yearn to be loved for what is good in them.

An astonishing book, this, recording the gradual disillusionment of an idealist who cannot forgive mankind because it is not wholly good. And so the upper classes have come to appear in his drawings as swag-bellied crooks, and the lower classes as a great stupid cart-horse. But Low will go down to posterity with Rowlandson and Gillray, who were also unjust, bitter and cruel—but great artists.

The art of the comic draughtsman is discussed seriously and most illuminatingly in a book called *The Goodtempered Pencil* by Fougasse (pseudonym of C. K. Bird, former editor of *Punch*). Like all books which explain why funny things are funny, it is rather disillusioning in tone, but it is of value to the psychologist, and particularly to students who seek to be comic draughtsmen. The illustrations, of famous jokes of the past seventy years, make it a book of general interest.

Two books of funny pictures are also at hand, and as funny pictures do not lend themselves to extended review, I can do little more than recommend them heartily. *Chips Off A Shoulder* is by Sprod (which is not a pseudonym as you might suppose, but the name of an Australian artist, who provoked the remark by Mr. Muggeridge quoted above). He has a charming and apparently simple-minded wit; his people are frank creatures, with child-like eyes and noses like buns; they get into improbable scrapes and resort to naive devices to get themselves free again. His fun is pictorial; he seldom needs a caption to complete his joke. But the simple-mindedness is delusive; there is a wonderful good-humored mockery of mankind behind it all. Why has Canada no Sprod?

It is easier to say why we have no Ronald Searle, whose *Merry England* is the second of these picture books. If all trace of his name were to be obliterated, future historians of art would certainly identify him as the Master of the Nostril; all of his people have strangely expressive, prominent nostrils; rarely has this humble aperture in the face been used so deftly to convey a wide variety of expressions. But Searle could never have arisen in Canada, or in Australia; the decay of an aging and weary society is his theme.

Much of it is literary fun, like the series, How to Kill a Man in Six Efforts. There is no use approaching Searle with an empty head. But there is also a wonderful quality about his drawings which—as I have no acquaintance with the terms of art criticism—I shall call carnality. His people, unlike the people in so many English funny pictures, look as if they had passions; they eat, they drink, they want money, and they reproduce their kind. They are not charming innocents, like the creatures of Sprod; they are old in sin, they are older even than the chairs on which they sit, and all of their eyelids are distinctly weary. It is a wonderful thing to be able to create so complete and rich a comic world, which is, in a macabre sense, a reflection of our own.

Left to right, Love, Jealousy, Undernourishment, Indifference, Food and Pure Strength.

A Railway Car Named Business

by Jim Coleman

Old railroaders checked their watches and noted with a satisfaction my father would have shared that the run was on schedule.

D. C. Coleman of the CPR.

ONE of the many things for which I am profoundly grateful to my father is that he gave me the opportunities for a rather unusual childhood, but I wasn't permitted to think that my life was unusual. There was, for instance, the business of travelling in private railway cars. My father was a railroader and he took me with him on many trips in his private car, but I was only dimly aware of the fact that *every* kid didn't have an opportunity to travel in such circumstances.

We buried my Dad in a beautiful old cemetery at Arnprior in October. The officers of the Canadian Pacific, in one of those typically thoughtful gestures which, to me, have been the hallmark of that great corporation, put my father's last private car, the Mount Royal, at the disposal of my mother, my brother and me for that final trip from Montreal.

Canadian Pacific private cars always have been painted in the company's traditional maroon. Each car has an observation platform at the rear and, on the doors at each end of the car is painted the one word: "Business". The crew of the car usually is one man, a steward who acts as cook, waiter and makes the beds; occasionally, he has another man as helper.

When my brother and I visited relatives in distant cities, we were shipped in one of the company's spare private cars. My father wasn't spoiling us — he was a considerate man and he wished the passengers on the regular train to have a pleasant, restful trip. Frequently, we travelled on the Penticton, the steward of which was a small, sardonic former music hall juggler named Archie Grey.

The Penticton was a "Jinx" car and had been derailed in three rock-slides. Each time that Archie turned us over to our grandmother in Edmonton, he told her that he hoped he'd have a rock-slide on his next trip. When we travelled on Number 51 from Winnipeg to Edmonton, Archie would persuade the engineer, a genial gentleman named Mr. Bryan, to take my brother and me on the locomotive from Lanigan to Saskatoon so that he would have an opportunity to clean the car. Mr. Bryan maintained a commendable calm while we tugged on the whistle-cord all the way from Lanigan to Saskatoon. Often I've wondered if Mr. Bryan lived to collect his pension.

Although, apparently in his quiet way, my father enjoyed having me as a travelling companion, he had his own ingenious methods of getting rid of me while he went about the serious business of the Canadian Pacific. Even when I was a very small boy, he sent me to race tracks with the incumbent private secretary as a muttering escort. It was my Dad's custom to make his selections and give the secretary $2 to bet on each race. One afternoon, Andy Manson took me to Colwood Park in Victoria. My Dad's selection, Trulane, won the first race and paid $134.45 for a $2 ticket. His horse, Quinam, won the second race, too, and paid $36.

We had wonderful trips. My Dad contrived to consult the sports schedules before he took me with him on a journey. On one trip, we arrived in Detroit in time to see the Philadelphia Athletics beat the Tigers, and Ty Cobb was playing out his string for Philadelphia. The next day, we saw the Yankees play the Browns in St. Louis and Babe Ruth obligingly belted one out of the park. Two days later, we were in Chicago where the Washington Senators were opposing the White Sox.

Tom Wall was the Canadian Pacific agent in Chicago and he met the train with box seat tickets, compliments of Charles Comiskey, the "Old Roman" who owned the White Sox.

The United States was in the throes of the great drought but, from a secret compartment in the bowels of the old Assiniboine, steward Harold Courtney produced several bottles of Scotch whiskey which my father sent to Mr. Comiskey.

The next day, Mr. Comiskey sent my father a gold engraved lifetime pass to the White Sox park.

One thing puzzled me — I couldn't imagine where Courtney kept his supplies of spirits safe from the prying eyes of customs and prohibition officials. I felt that I had investigated every nook and cranny of many Canadian Pacific private cars, including the Assiniboine, but this one secret hiding-place had eluded me. To tell the truth, I never solved the riddle.

It was on a private car that my Dad took me on my first trip to Saratoga. They parked our private car on the special siding and, that night, he walked me up the street to see the vast old Grand Union and United States hotels and we bought a *Racing Form* and went back to the car to study the fine print.

It was very early the next morning when I heard his voice, calling me gently, and I looked up from my bed to see him standing, fully dressed. The sun was just creeping over the tree-tops when he led me into the rambling old grandstand. We sat there for a lifetime as the beautiful horses danced past. I'll never forget turning unexpectedly to find my father looking at me and smiling.

The evening after we buried my father in Arnprior, we rode home to Montreal in the Mount Royal. It was the first time that we had come home in the Mount Royal without him. It wasn't difficult to imagine him sitting in his favorite chair, looking out the rear windows at the receding ribbons of bright steel and checking his watch. He would have been pleased to know that his last train was on time.

I am sure that he would have been amused by one of my recurrent thoughts as I sat in the Mount Royal, looking back over the pleasant years. I suppose that I must look up Harold Courtney, now living somewhere in retirement, to answer the question that was flitting around the outer edges of my mind. I insist on knowing where he hid the bottled spirits when the Assiniboine ventured across the American Line during the days of prohibition.

Hollywood Plugs Visits to Canada

by Bob Willett

THE RECENT appointment of Canada's "Mr. Tourist Trade", D. Leo Dolan, as Consul-General in California probably surprised few people—least of all Marion Remington, a Maple Leaf-minded American who has been in charge of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau in Los Angeles for 17 years. The Bureau is a branch of the Consulate and, because touting tourist attractions is a major Canadian activity in the U.S., Dolan is particularly suited to his new post.

The Dominion's leading drumbeater for years, Leo possesses not only vast experience gained as head of the Travel Bureau in Canada, but a keen knowledge of California, and a wide acquaintance with the film, TV and radio stars who help make the Los Angeles bureau the most influential office of its kind. Dolan has been a close friend of veteran actor Walter Pidgeon since their boyhood days in St. John, NB, and, because the latter is president of the Screen Actors' Guild, it's a safe bet that the film capital's interest in Canada will grow in the future.

"While show business personalities make up only a small part of the thousands of people we serve," Miss Remington remarks, "they make a big contribution to tourist trade, due to the publicity given their trips. Our most difficult task is to persuade the American tourist to make his first trip north of the border. Once he discovers that the scenery, fishing and hunting more than live up to the travel folders, he's invariably eager to return to Canada. We've had many phone calls from people touring Canada, asking us to make suggestions for the remainder of their stay, and even to plan their next visit."

Leo Dolan: Among his friends.

Since 1952, the volume of tourist travel from the 11 western states to Canada has increased 140%. There has, of course, been a population increase in most of these areas, but television can be credited with much of the upsurge. Video programs that show even a glimpse of authentic Canuck backgrounds are potent "commercials". Telecasting of National Film Board releases has resulted in decided changes in the directions in which Western American tourists wish to travel in Canada. The NFB production *A City Sings*, for example, introduced Winnipeg to millions, and there has been a gradual swing from West to East. Where Victoria, Vancouver and the Rockies once attracted the most tourists, Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes are now coming in for their share.

Although the trend toward global motion picture production has reduced Canada's importance in this regard, Marion Remington and her staff still work closely with the movie-makers, encouraging filming in Canada. They've taken over the work of the Canadian Cooperative Group, which ceased to function a little over a year ago, in providing liaison for producers looking for actual

Glenn Ford: Quebec authority.

I'm the Child of Divorced Parents

Mabel Rowson of Kamsack, Sask., describes the terrors and misgivings of her childhood life in "a home broken and blighted by divorce." Now at 25, she looks back on a life that leaves scars that may never heal. What is worse, it leaves them on the innocent members of the family—the children. Her experience left her with a fear of marriage. "But," she says, "Someday I do hope to marry." She gives helpful advice to fellow sufferers from this harmful problem.

Why 5,000,000 Canadians Won't Go to Church

"I was fed up with hymn-singing salvationists, out to reform and convert," says writer Hugh Garner, "That's why I ran away from the church." In this explosive article, he tells why he, and almost one-third of Canada's population refuse to attend church. Be sure to read this challenge to our various faiths and their regular congregations.

I Sleuthed the Murder of Sir Harry Oakes

When fabulously rich, fabulously eccentric Sir Harry Oakes was murdered in a bizarre setting of jungle voodoo, the news was so hot it pushed World War II off the headlines of newspapers all around the world. The investigation of the weird slaying of this tycoon—who found his riches in Canada—was initiated by the Duke of Windsor. Famed crime writer Alan Hynd visited the scene of the crime and here reveals strange behind-the-scene details, and tells why the murderer was never caught.

Do School Tests Cheat Your Child's IQ?

"These standardized tests, worked out by learned professors and psychologists, spotlight your child's intellectual, emotional and achievement pattern," says Eileen Morris in this article. "Some schoolmen think they're tops; some say they are unreliable and overrated." Mrs. Morris questioned psychologists, researchers and educators across Canada and uncovered some interesting facts about school tests.

PLUS

these added features

HALF-SIZED FASHIONS FOR CANADIAN WOMEN
by Dorothy Vander

IS JACK PICKERSGILL GIVING NEW CANADIANS A RAW DEAL?
by Frank Rasky

CONFESSIONS OF A LANDLADY
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I LIVE WITH A HOLE IN MY HEART
by Albert E. South

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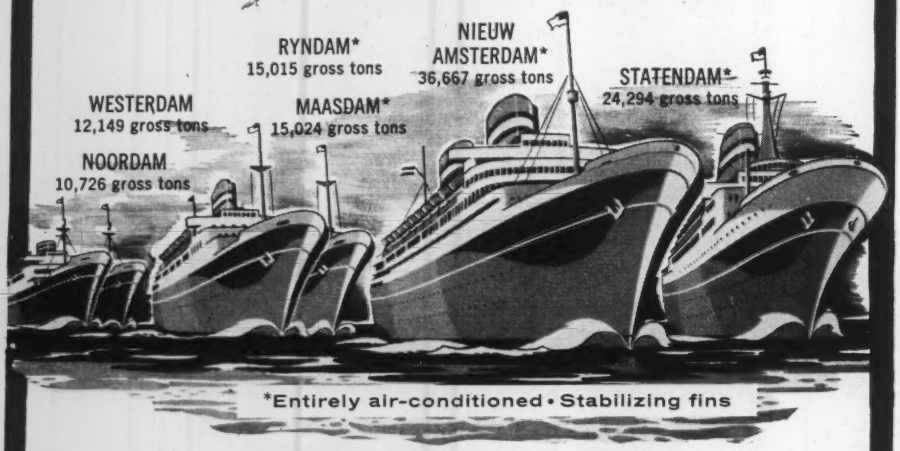

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Canadian locales. Much of the authenticity of the *Sgt. Preston of the Yukon* tele-series is attributed to their assistance, and they are often asked for technical advice on matters pertaining to other productions played against northern backgrounds. The more true-to-life they can make films and TV shows, the less time they'll have to spend explaining such things as the unlikelihood of an American tourist seeing a member of the RCMP driving a dog team down Toronto's Yonge Street.

The fact that more and more entertainment personalities are seeing Canada first-hand is helping millions of Americans to see the country more clearly. Players who have visited the Dominion are quick to volunteer as technical advisors whenever areas with which they are familiar are found in scripts.

Quebec-born Glenn Ford is an authority on that province, and he regularly returns to his birthplace to bring his information up to date. Bing Crosby is a booster of British Columbia and the Prairie Provinces and, as might be expected, cohort Bob Hope runs him a close second. Clark Gable is outspoken in his preference for Canadian hunting trips, producer Arthur Freed constantly extolls the virtues of Victoria, and James "Voice of the Globe" Fitzpatrick, producer-narrator of the screen's *Traveltalks*, claims no place he has visited can eclipse the metropolitan charm of Vancouver. Actor Lon Chaney spends two or three months a year in Canada, travelling with a trailer, and returning to his favorite fishing holes between films.

"At one time, the biggest beef was the condition of the roads," Miss Remington recalls. "But there has been such great improvement, year by year, that regular visitors have become increasingly enthusiastic. We still have a problem with first-timers, convincing them that they can't see much of Canada during a two-week auto trip. Lately, there's been a trend toward planning Canadian jaunts lasting six weeks or two months. We've never quite recovered from the difficulty we had with an island fancier, who was determined to visit Vancouver Island, the Queen Charlottes, Manitoulin and Prince Edward Island — all in 10 days. He finally made it, by flying instead of driving."

Currently, the chief complaint of Americans touring Canada is lack of accommodation. Marion advises Canadians interested in a good investment to establish either a motel or a trailer camp, in the right spot, and she'll be happy to suggest several likely locations. She points out that the Calgary Stampede has become such an attraction that there is little accommodation for Stampede Week available after April. Other Canadian cities are very often in similar shape

for all of the summer months.

Canadian courtesy comes in for the most praise from U.S. visitors, and celebrities are particularly pleased at being able to visit Canada and come away with both their clothing and their calm intact. Miss Remington urges Canada's restaurateurs to vary their menus more, as one of the comments most frequently made in the "remarks" column of the questionnaires is, "Don't the Canadian people eat any other vegetables beside peas and carrots?"

Located at 510 West Sixth Street, on Reservation Row in downtown Los Angeles, the Travel Bureau is surrounded by airline, railway and steamship agencies, including the CNR and CPR. While in theory it ranks third to the New York and Chicago bureaus, in actual practice it reaches farther afield than either. Hollywood publicity, combined with an intensive annual four-month newspaper and magazine advertising campaign, elicits enquiries from all over the U.S., Mexico and abroad, especially Asiatic countries.

The well-ballyhooed Alaska Highway has been a magnet for many Americans and, where the mountains of BC and Alberta were once the end of the line in planning trips to "North America's last frontier of outdoor fun", frequent forays are now being made into the Far North. The North-West Territories are a prime target for tourists with weighty wallets, and tremendous amounts of equipment are flown or trucked in for hunting and fishing expeditions that resemble African safaris. One well-heeled Hollywood group spent several weeks of last year in the Yukon.

Some of the most involved problems solved with Travel Bureau help have to do with pets accompanying tourists. They range from monkeys and parakeets to cats and dogs, and Marion feels that increased travel to Canada could quite possibly govern the choice of pets in American households. Dogs have to have shots, owners must certify that birds have been in their possession for two months (and allow them to be inspected, to prevent the spread of parrot fever), but cats and monkeys can cross the border without any special consideration.

"From what I've learned since taking this job," Miss Remington told me, "I venture to say that the average Canadian knows a great deal more about American geography than vice versa. What amazes most U.S. tourists are the distances between Canadian centres of population. I'm counting on a lot of help from Mr. Dolan in correcting such prevalent misconceptions as the idea that driving from the 'O'Kanagan' Valley to 'Saska-witchee-wan' is a matter of only a couple of hours. But, I'm willing to wager that even he will have trouble with Mounties and Malemutes!"

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Mr. Hitchcock Signs In

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THERE ARE increasing signs these days, both in television and on the screen, that Alfred Hitchcock is considerably more interested in Hitchcock the personality than in Hitchcock the producer of suspense drama.

On television, more time is devoted to Mr. Hitchcock, simply as a personality, than to almost anyone else. First there is the theme music, then the line caricature, then the looming silhouette, and, finally, the great man himself, surrounded by props and airily disclaiming the product, the sponsor, and, by indirection, the production itself.

In his earlier, more reticent days, Hitchcock used to "sign" his work by strolling as an unidentified extra through some part of the action. Television, however, dedicates a whole show window to the display of the Hitchcock face, personality, and blandly derogatory, iron-butterfly mannerisms. This grows a little tedious after a while, particularly since most of the television productions, in contrast to the early screen suspense dramas, give the signature considerable priority over the content.

At any rate, the latest Hitchcock film, *The Wrong Man* seems to indicate that Director Hitchcock has been spending rather too much time in front of the cameras, and not quite enough on the complex and demanding business that goes on behind them. Possibly he felt that in the case of the Balestreros—a real case of an actual family—he had a story that told itself. This consideration might have tempted a novice but Mr. Hitchcock, an old hand at the business, should have realized that no story can be trusted to tell itself. Left to its own devices, it wanders, stumbles on the wrong devices, goes slack, and doggedly tries to produce the whole truth and nothing but the truth, a feat that is sufficiently difficult in a court of law and practically impossible in the field of fiction. The truth, where fiction is concerned, needs selective eye and a tough but flexible imagination, and both qualities are noticeably lacking in *The Wrong Man.*

Henry Fonda and Vera Miles.

The hero, Manny Balestrero (Henry Fonda), plays the bass viol in the Stork Club orchestra, earning $80 a week. He has two small sons, a modest flat, a few debts, also modest, and a wife (Vera Miles) who is beautiful and loving, but so badly adjusted to the strains of living that when the story opens she is already tottering towards collapse at the thought of an impacted wisdom tooth. Then Manny is picked up on a false charge of armed robbery, and by the time the wife has helped to arrange bail, engage a lawyer and investigate alibis, she has begun to retreat into a world of unreality.

The hero, as played by Henry Fonda, is a dispirited type who allows himself to be picked up by the police, put through an outrageous identification routine, booked, finger-printed, and consigned to a cell, all with no more protest than a plaintive request to be allowed to telephone his wife. Director Hitchcock appears to have stuck to the external facts of the story, omitting only the wrenching sense of shock and outrage that such an experience would produce. As a result, *The Wrong Man* is just life-like enough to be lifeless, a waxworks imitation of tragedy and injustice.

Just as it stands, however, the story is a shocking arraignment of the stupidity and ruthlessness of the police methods used in the Balestrero case, and possibly the Hitchcock intention here was to point a moral rather than adorn a tale. But his talent is for suspense and comedy rather than for sociology, and on the screen the case of the unlucky Balestreros fails to evoke the indignation and sympathy it deserves. Maybe the story fell into the hands of the wrong man.

The Iron Petticoat, with Katharine Hepburn and Bob Hope, rather vaguely recalls *Ninotchka,* which starred Greta Garbo. The setting has been transferred to London, the heroine is a captain in the Soviet Air Force, and Hope is an American Air Force officer assigned to escort the visitor about and arrange for her defection from the USSR. *Ninotchka,* however, was polite and witty comedy with ideological overtones, and the heroine's defection to the West was accomplished with romantic grace. The current version is a rowdy business, which disposes of Soviet agents by handing them Mickey Finns, tumbling them through the doors of ladies' powder rooms, and rolling them away in ash-cans.

Katharine Hepburn performs with energy and style, and an accent that sounds like a broad imitation of Nikita Balief imitating himself. For the rest, it is typical Bob Hope comedy, filled with the familiar Hope wisecracks and the occasional *double entrendre,* doubled and redoubled. Maybe Katharine Hepburn should have defected from *The Iron Petticoat.*

Katharine Hepburn: Defected.

Bob Hope: Double and redouble.

Donald, Murray and Barbara (Chilcott) Davis.

PERSONA GRATA

Three Happy People

by Mary Lowrey Ross

NO DOUBT Author J. B. Priestley was generously briefed on the theatrical achievements of the Davis family, Donald, Murray and Barbara, before he actually sat down to write his recent play *The Glass Cage*. Even so, it seems unlikely that *The Glass Cage* would have been written, or even started if the Davis trio hadn't been so strikingly equipped to command attention at sight. All three are tall and dramatically dark, and the sibling relationship is unmistakable. They look alike, and their resemblance is heightened by a certain vividness and range of gesture, as well as a habit of eager shared intensity. The moment they are together they are in conference, a conference that invariably has to do with the theatre.

It would be hard to find a group more likely to catch the interest of a roving dramatist. "What an entrance those three would make!" Author Priestley is said to have remarked, sitting opposite them at dinner in the University Club in Toronto. Almost before the dinner was over he had devised the entrance that would bring them on the stage in *The Glass Cage*.

The Davis darkness and vividness are hereditary. Their Grandmother Chilcott was a Romany gypsy who, with her husband, a Welsh horse-trader, came to Canada around the turn of the century. Their grandfather died here, and since it is a Romany tradition that a gypsy widow must never leave the locality in which her husband is buried, the grandmother remained in Canada. The Davis grandchildren are intensely proud of their Romany ancestry and in their frequent trips to England like to look up their gypsy relatives who live in the vicinity of Blackpool pier.

The paternal side of their ancestry presents a more conventional picture. Their grandfather, a United Empire Loyalist and Methodist, was a prosperous tanner in Newmarket, and their father inherited both the staid tradition and the family business.

The Welsh-gypsy strain predominated in the younger generation, however, and circumstances did a good deal to foster it. Their mother, who had been a teacher of dramatics and elocution, died when Donald, the youngest, was a year old, and with her death their father determined to rear his young family in the way she would most have approved. As a result, their education took on, to some extent, the dedicated nature of a memorial.

"We were taught dancing and dramatics from the time we were old enough to walk and talk," Donald recalls. "As I remember it, we never had time for anything except classes."

To a certain extent, the Davis children lived in a glass cage themselves through most of their childhood. Their strenuous curriculum separated them from other children and their play consisted largely of play-acting on the front lawn of their Newmarket home, and at the family summer home in Muskoka. Their dramatics teacher, Josephine Barrington, usually went along with the family during vacation, to see that no time was wasted or misspent. Three of the four Davis children accepted the theatre, along with its formidable discipline, as their natural medium. Of the fourth, now married to a doctor and living in North Bay, Barbara says, with genuine wonder, "She couldn't be less interested in the theatre!"

The interest of the other three continued unabated through their more formal education. At the University of Toronto, Murray and Donald were soon deeply involved in Hart House dramatics, under the direction of Robert Gill. Barbara studied dramatics in New York, and joining the WRENS during World War II, became a member, though a fairly inconspicuous one, of the cast of *Meet the Navy*.

In England she was told that her accent was unacceptable and the correct British accent inimitable. Casting agents deplored her dark looks and suggested that she might have to wait for the revival of *White Cargo* before finding a role. Barbara set doggedly to work on her accent and finally achieved one that was indistinguishable from the best clipped British speech about her. She could do nothing about her dark coloring and it wasn't until she was actually launched in repertory that she discovered her striking gypsy looks were actually an asset. While playing in *Dark Eyes* she married (between performances) Max Helpmann, who was understudying Yul Brynner in the leading male role.

Meanwhile, Murray and Donald were engaged in a flourishing theatrical enterprise back in Canada. Their Straw Hat Theatre, incorporated in 1948, had rapidly expanded into two companies, playing in Port Carling and Gravenhurst. The project involved a change of production twice a week, and after half a dozen successful seasons the two felt they had accrued enough experience to found a repertory theatre of their own. This was an enterprise that all three Davises had dreamed of since childhood, and the Helpmanns, breaking off their English stage connections, came to Canada to take their part in the scheme. Among them they raised $50,000, borrowed $25,-

000 more, and started the Crest Theatre Repertory Company.

"We aren't running an art theatre," Murray, the President of the new company, announced at the outset. "We are running a theatre of entertainment." This position merely extended the problem, however, for they soon discovered that one man's entertainment may be another man's box-office poison.

Crest audiences responded enthusiastically to T. S. Eliot's *Confidential Clerk* and Chekov's *Three Sisters,* but they were even more enthused by *The Rainmaker,* a popular Broadway success. On the other hand, they stayed away reproachfully from *The Man Who Came to Dinner* and a revival of *Charley's Aunt.*

The Davises have learned to accept these setbacks as the faithful wounds of a friend, and work hard at contracting the margin for error. They take every turn of the Crest's fortunes with impressive seriousness. Donald, who claims he is not superstitious, once threw away a good suit because he had worn it on the night of one of the theatre's less fortunate ventures.

On the whole, the Crest has been an astonishing success. This year it established the Crest Theatre Club, which offered special club rates for the first three nights attendance. They expected a response of, at best, 300, and were overwhelmed when 1,100 subscribers, or about 300 more than the theatre will hold, signed up as season subscribers. The Crest Club venture has gone a long way towards establishing a clientele that is as sympathetic as a family circle and as reliable as a government annuity.

Meanwhile they have been steadily gaining in prestige outside the Crest theatre. At Stratford, Donald played the Mark Anthony role in *Julius Caesar* and Tiresius in *Oedipus Rex.* He was also a member of the *Tamburlaine* cast and stepped into James Mason's role in *Measure for Measure* when Mason was called away on contract. Barbara also appeared in *Tamburlaine* and *Julius Caesar* and played the role of Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew.* "I played it last when I was fifteen," she recalls, "and the most fun I got out of it was slapping Murray's face."

Actually, the three treat each other with a deference and approbation rarely encountered in intimate family life. The theatre is their native element and it easily absorbs any difference in temperament. "Donald is the one who says, 'Let's do it'," a friend recently remarked, "and Murray is the one who says, 'Let's think it over.' Barbara usually casts the deciding vote." In any discussion, the theatre invariably takes first place. Acquaintances are almost equally impressed by their ability to remain solvent, and their indifference to making money out of the theatre.

"Our reluctance to face certain facts of life and death may eventually be seen as a psychological luxury we can no longer afford . . ."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

abundant. Mineral phosphates on land come from two sources; those in igneous rock, which have been incorporated from the beginning; and those in sedimentary rock, which have passed through a marine cycle. Acid rain water slowly works on the igneous rock and a steady flow of fresh phosphate in extremely dilute solution eventually reaches the sea and maintains the supply; otherwise phosphate precipitation in the sea would deplenish it of phosphates and marine life by now would have become almost non-existent. Land plants growing in the soil make use of this source of phosphate and decaying vegetation returns it to the soil for next year's growth, although a good deal of it combines with iron and aluminum to form insoluble phosphate which cannot be used, a process called soil fixation. Animals, including man, consume the vegetation in one form or another, but most of the phosphorus thus obtained is held within the bones at least until death. Bone decay is slow at the best and there has been considerable loss.

The basic fertility of the earth we live on is accordingly determined by a slow leaching of soluble phosphates from the hard igneous rocks at the earth's surface. Directly or indirectly all land life, plant, animal and human, depends upon it. Much of it is returned to the soil to be used again, but much is lost during every cycle, particularly now that mankind is dominant and insists on passing its phosphorus-rich sewage down the rivers to the sea and burying its dead flesh and bones in ways that prevent the soil from reclaiming its own. Our reluctance to face certain facts of life and death may eventually be seen as a psychological luxury we can no longer afford, unless we change in other ways.

What of the great deposits of phosphates that are being quarried for use as fertilizer and for industrial purposes? As long as we can add phosphates to deficient soils, we can continue to grow food of one kind or another, probably with ever-increasing efficiency. Yet here's the rub. These are deposits that were at some time in the distant past precipitated on the sea floor and later raised above sea level as sedimentary rock of marine origin. Such rock phosphate has been found in huge beds in America, North Africa and Russia, and as long as they last all is well. Once they are gone, the earth will have to wait for geological ages beyond human appreciation before the like can appear again. The key question, therefore, is how long can we redress the fertility balance by this means?

The known world reserves of suitable rock phosphate are put at 26,000 million tons. We are at present using about 25 million tons a year, and the rate of consumption, like that of everything else, is likely to rise rapidly as human numbers and aspirations skyrocket. At the best, the supply might last a thousand years but will probably peter out within a few centuries, perhaps around the time when the total population of mankind will be between five and ten billion. In any case, sooner rather than later, the reserves will be gone.

If we could hold on to the phosphates and use them over and over we could perhaps maintain our growing population, but we don't. In Britain alone the wastes passing from the sewers to the sea each year are at least the equivalent of 160,000 tons of rock phosphate.

So here we stand. We are budgeted whether we like it or not, and the coin of the realm is phosphorus. We are maintaining and increasing our present growth on the basis of a very limited capital. When it runs out we shall have to support ourselves on income, and that income is not likely to support the massive population we are at present in process of producing.

How shall we respond to the change in circumstances? If we make no adjustment, but keep up the birth rate and eat everything in sight, producing progressively stunted or impoverished bodies, death itself will take a hand and cut us down to size. The danger would be that under such circumstances death might not know or care where it should stop; in many similar situations that we have seen in the case of animals, decimation has led to extinction. The obvious alternative is that we should and will make the necessary adjustment by conserving our nutritional basis on the one hand and consciously controlling our own numbers on the other, so that human beings, healthy in body and mind, are produced only in quantities compatible with the means of support.

If we fail to control the situation by our own volition, it will be done for us by one method or another and with a careless hand that has little concern for the survival of any species that will not or cannot adapt to new conditions. It is possible, but no more than possible so far as we know, that men might do as well as mice, and as available food supplies diminish, the fertility and birth rate drop so that numbers are kept in balance with food and a small but healthy community replaces the larger one of an earlier time. It happens with mice, and a similar built-in biological regulator may exist which might safeguard our own posterity. As yet, however, there is little evidence that we are so endowed, and human survival probably depends entirely upon human wisdom.

The Press and the Election

by John A. Stevenson

IF THE TEMPO of the proceedings of the last session of our moribund Parliament is any index of the probable character of the coming election, then it is going to be a very dull and spiritless contest.

In bygone Parliaments the session preceding a general election was almost invariably enlivened by bouts of stormy controversy, with a continuous crossfire of accusations and recriminations, growing in violence week by week. The result was a stimulation of partisan fervor among the voters, which kept their interest in the campaign keenly alive until polling day. But in this year of grace, the average daily session of the House of Commons has been as tranquil as a meeting of the Ladies' Aid, and most issues of Hansard have made very dull bedside reading.

Meanwhile, behind the scenes, preparations for the battle that lies ahead are in full swing. The Liberals start with the advantage of a lush campaign fund; many companies and individuals have reason to be grateful to them for generous contracts; and contributors to campaign funds are always prone to be more generous to a party which has better chances of victory than to its opponents.

In view of the apparent disfavor with which Mr. Diefenbaker is regarded in Quebec, the Liberals seem to have so many safe seats in that province that the quota of their campaign fund allotted to it can be smaller than usual, and they can devote a larger share to the English-speaking provinces. Liberal candidates who have ample private means will be expected to fend largely for themselves, but for their less fortunate brethren and sisters a very generous subsidy will be available for bringing their local organization into high gear.

Special reliance will be placed upon a nation-wide campaign of publicity, organized regardless of expense from the party's headquarter in Ottawa.

Special attention will be paid to the cultivation of the goodwill of the owners and editors of the numerous papers published in foreign languages. Under skilful direction these can be made efficient agents for swinging the votes of their readers. Few of these papers have ample financial resources, and a spate of generous subsidies for plastering their pages with elaborate expositions of the thesis that the Liberal party surpasses all others are well calculated to inspire ardent support of the benefactor in the editorial columns. It is money well spent, and the other parties cannot begin to compete with the Liberals in this field.

The Liberal party will enjoy an overwhelming superiority in its press support in Quebec. Among the French-Canadian papers the organs of Mr. Duplessis, who is understood to take a dark view of Mr. Diefenbaker, will withhold active support for the Tory leader and will content themselves with growling at the centralizing tendencies of the Liberals. The only serious critic will be *Le Devoir*. Of the English papers, the *Montreal Star* and the *Montreal Herald* will give vigorous support to the Liberal party. And while the

Duplessis: No help to Tories.

Liberals will have to reckon on the unfriendliness of the *Montreal Gazette*, that venerable newspaper under the editorship of E. A. Collard, a writer endowed with a graceful style, has shed a good deal of its former ardent fervor for the cause of Conservatism.

In most of English-speaking Canada, the value of the support of newspapers to a political party has been greatly diminished. There was a time not so long ago when the daily newspapers of Canada—with a few exceptions such as the *Montreal Witness*, now defunct, and the *Winnipeg Tribune*—were ferocious partisans of one of the two historic parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives.

In most of the smaller cities, there were lively Liberal and Conservative papers, which waged continuous political warfare in their editorial columns and thereby kept public interest in political and economic issues alive. But today, as the result of mergers, virtually all these smaller cities have only one daily paper and, since it has readers belonging to all the political parties, its settled policy is generally to avoid political controversy as much as possible. A similar situation prevails even in many major cities—Halifax and Saint John, for example.

Among the English newspapers which still profess definite political convictions, the support for the two major political parties is in fairly even balance. In Toronto, the shade of George Brown, the partial progenitor of the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, must be groaning over its emergence as the severest critic of the Liberal party in the whole country. It has an enthusiastic ally in the *Toronto Telegram*. Ranged against them is the *Toronto Star* with its huge circulation; but, since its policy recently came under new direction, it has ceased to be a wholehearted admirer of the St. Laurent ministry and has not spared it sharp criticism. The *Ottawa Journal*, although lukewarm about the leadership of Mr. Diefenbaker, is one of the most intelligent and effective exponents of the Conservative faith. The Conservatives also have the allegiance of papers such as the *London Free Press*, the *St. Catharines Standard* and the *St. Thomas Times-Journal*. On the Liberal side are vigorous papers like the *Peterborough Examiner* and the *Kingston Whig-Standard* and, while the influential *Windsor Free Press* is nominally independent, it has Liberal leanings.

There remains for consideration the attitude of the three important chains controlled by the Southam, Sifton and Thomson interests. The Southam chain has by far the largest combined circulation, and the past policy of its directors has been to allow the editors of each unit of it a reasonably free hand. All the Southam papers, except the *Ottawa Citizen*, have been maintaining their traditional partiality for the Progressive Conservatives, but Duncan MacTavish Q.C., the President of the National Liberal Federation, who has become a director of the holding company, can be expected to try to prevent any violent crusade by the Southam papers against the Liberal party. Liberals can also count upon the support of the three Sifton papers, the *Winnipeg Free Press*, the *Regina Leader-Post* and the *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*, but the *Free Press* has being doing considerable damage to the Liberal party in Manitoba by its stern indictments of the provincial Liberal Ministry. The Thomson chain is numerically the largest and its chief proprietor, Roy Thomson, was a Progressive Conservative candidate in 1953. The Ottawa correspondent of the Thomson papers is a vehement critic of the Government, but his opinions are not always endorsed by all his editors.

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OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Rangers, Glenn Hall of Detroit, Elmer Vasko of the Black Hawks and Ed Chadwick of the Leafs as glowing examples.

Of course 95 per cent of them come from sponsored junior teams. Where else are they going to come from, with sponsored clubs forcing independently operated teams to fall like flies all over the country? If a boy doesn't play for a sponsored club, it's because he isn't good enough to make it.

In the vast areas of Metropolitan Toronto, embracing about 1,250,000 people, there are exactly two Junior A hockey teams, the Marlboros and St. Michael's. Both are sponsored by the Toronto Maple Leafs. If a Toronto youngster doesn't make the grade with the Marlboros or St. Mike's, how is he going to get to the NHL? And obviously, if he does get there, the chances are that he gets there via the two sponsored teams. The wonder of Mr. O'Brien's statistic that 95 per cent of the players in the NHL today graduated from a sponsored club is that the percentage isn't 100.

The trouble with this system is that adolescent boys mature differently. Some of them don't attain their full growth until they've reached their twenties. These boys, if they're awkward and gangling in their teens, are not good enough to make the junior grade and they're forced out of hockey at seventeen and eighteen. Prior to sponsorship, they had a place to play and develop. There were lots of junior teams. Manitoba, for example, had two junior leagues embracing nine teams. Nowadays, out there, there are three teams. That means that two-thirds of the number of boys who used to play junior hockey are now hanging around pool rooms, or whatever.

It wouldn't be accurate to say that these players are only chaff anyway. A lot of great players matured late, players who, if they'd been assessed at, say, eighteen, would have been discarded. Lionel Conacher, this country's greatest athlete, was one. He was never on skates until he was sixteen, and at twenty he had all the skating grace of a fully equipped goalkeeper. He was twenty-five when he broke into the NHL. Bill Cook, the great Ranger right-winger, was 29 when he played his first game in the big league. And both of them lasted 10 years.

The thing that must happen if the pros are ever to give the game back to the kids is that they abandon sponsorship, a monster they themselves created, so that there will be a more equitable distribution of players, so that the independents won't have to fold, and so that the amateurs can run their own show for the betterment of the youngsters and not with an eye cocked for a handout from the professionals.

Does Retail Advertising Need Policing?

by R. M. Baiden

Never An Opportunity Like This!
The Buy Of The Century!
Half Price—Brand New!

THESE ARE advertising claims, some of the more frantic ones, that daily coax and compel Canadians to buy a variety of goods. They are also claims many business people—including some who use them—would like to see eliminated.

With the steady transition from a wartime sellers' market to a peacetime buyers' market, businessmen have faced what for many has been an unprecedented fight for customers. Advertising has been a major weapon in this fight but, like many other weapons, it is two-edged: It can wound the user as well as the "victim", by repelling the potential customer.

Fear that cynicism inspired by extravagant advertising will harden into a general attitude toward all advertising is already troubling some executives.

Better Business Bureaus in Halifax, Quebec City, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver have started a campaign for legislation to control advertising claims.

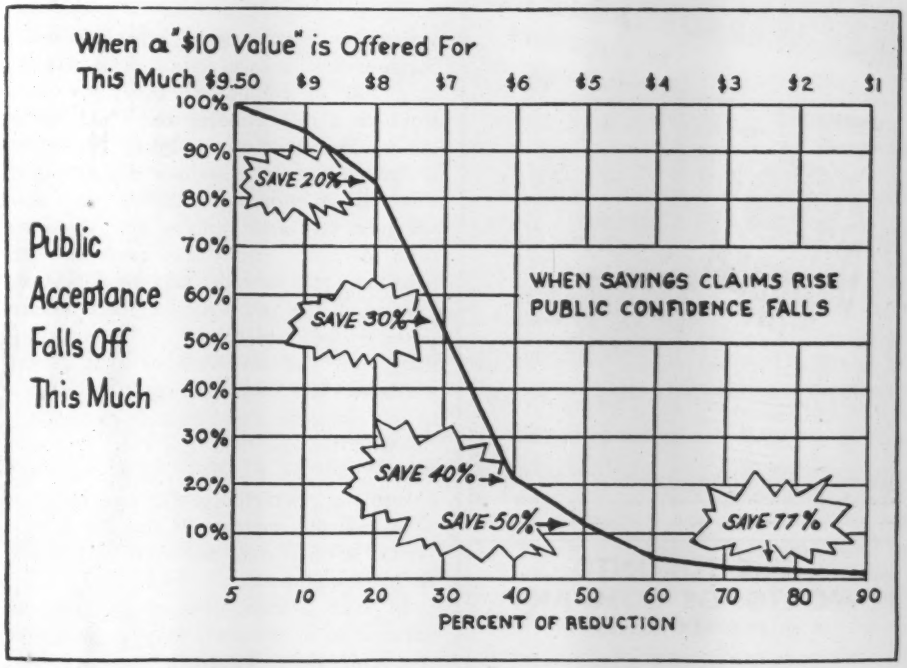
The Bureaus say the public needs protection from misleading claims and what they regard as unethical practices. In these categories come such things as "free" coupons for merchandise and "bait-and-switch" and "come-on" advertising.

Heaviest fire, however, falls on what the Bureaus term irresponsible comparative price claims. These are claims which emphasize worth or value to heighten the effect of the offered price. Such statements as "made to sell for . . .", "priced in other stores at . . .", and "replacement price . . ." fall into this category.

"We know there can never be anything 100% effective for this kind of problem," a Bureau official said. "But we do think there should be proper government control on this sort of thing."

Most advertisers are opposed. "You simply cannot legislate people's morals and ethics," one representative said.

Big advertisers and some advertising agencies believe the answer may lie in stronger trade associations.



As "savings" claims go up, public confidence goes down.

The manufacturers whose products are being promoted feel that advertisers should do their own housecleaning.

Consumer organizations say specific complaints about advertising practices form a small number of their cases.

Surprisingly, some of the strongest support may come from retailers.

"We'd give anything for a way out of this rat-race," an accountant for a large Toronto chain of appliance outlets said. "Most of the time we operate so close to the break-even point we have no room to hedge. Whenever we do have a loss we can trace it right back to those great big splashy ads."

Retailers are by no means sure the Bureau's proposals are the solution to their dilemma, but there's a growing feeling that advertising that stresses price and price reductions is becoming useless.

"There's really no such thing as a 'price' for most goods nowadays," one economist commented.

"In the first place, the actual price a customer pays for many articles will not be the advertised price, but one arrived at by bargaining between himself and the salesman."

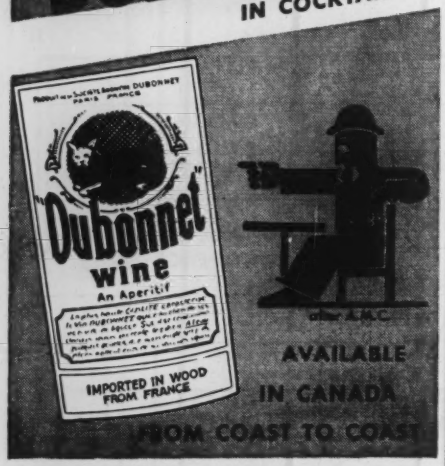
Businessmen say the breakdown of the old meaning of price is becoming better understood by the average buyer.

"People are just not impressed anymore when you tell them they can save $100 on something. They start to question you about list prices, market prices and allowances for trade-ins. People want slogans now. All you have to do now is indicate that your prices are competitive and invite people to shop."

Some businessmen suggest the Bureaus may be flailing a dying horse. They point also to growing sophistication toward advertising claims.

But others feel it is important to get legislation passed which can take care of future developments. They say this is the time to establish a moral and ethical principle of responsibility in advertising. Such relatively new techniques as motivational research could be weapons of incalculable power and harm in the hands of unscrupulous users.

TRY
DUBONNET
"STRAIGHT"
SERVE
DUBONNET
CHILLED
USE
DUBONNET
IN COCKTAILS



THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company has been declared for the current quarter, and that the same will be payable on

1st APRIL, 1957

to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business 15th March, 1957.

By order of the Board

CHARLES J. PETTIT,
Manager.

March 7th, 1957.

ROYALITE OIL COMPANY, LIMITED

PREFERRED STOCK DIVIDEND
No. 10

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of 32.8125 cents per share has been declared on the outstanding 5¼% First Series Preferred shares of the Company, payable April 1st, 1957, to shareholders of record at the close of business on March 15th, 1957.

By Order of the Board

K. S. C. MULHALL,
Secretary Treasurer

Calgary, Alberta
January 25th, 1957

Cover for Loss of Earnings

by William Sclater

WHEN PROPERTY is damaged or destroyed by fire (or some other insurable hazard) almost invariably a loss of earnings results. While it is generally for damage, it is not often appreciated that similar coverage is available as a protection against a great many other hazards. Suppose that a contractor has a storage shed full of equipment, ready to start work on a new building for which he is the successful tender. During the night a fire causes such serious damage that there is no hope of starting the new job next day and perhaps not for some time to come. There may even be time penalties. The contract may be cancelled.

Even if the insurance in force makes possible the replacement of the equipment, this can involve time that is not available. The contractor may be forced to rent equipment and machinery to carry on with the job and the rate for such rental may be a higher cost that will absorb the calculated profits and result in a loss on the contract. If the job is in a remote area, it may not even be possible to rent equipment.

In such a case, loss of earnings insurance is a lifesaver. It will guarantee the contractor's normal earnings and cover the difference in cost for the rented equipment in emergency.

Another example of its application is this:

Owners of a Canadian industrial plant bid on a contract, on the basis of being able to bring in a costly piece of equipment which would greatly reduce the cost of making the required product. They got the contract and ordered the machine. It was shipped but while in transit was badly damaged. A replacement could not be obtained within four months. Production on the contract had to be started, using an out-dated system which could only result in substantial loss. Loss-of-earnings insurance would have underwritten the profits that could have been expected if everything had gone according to schedule without loss, damage or delay.

In its basic form it provides insurance against loss of earnings due to loss or damage caused by fire, windstorm, explosion, hail, earthquake, flood, landslide, collapse of bridges or culverts, collision and derailment of public conveyances, and theft.

There is a broad All-Risks form of coverage available. This has varying exclusions, depending upon the governing circumstances. These always include war risk and the usual wear-and-tear clauses. Infidelity of any of the insured's employees cannot be covered. Neither can any loss or damage suffered when equipment is waterborne, unless it is being carried in a public carrier or conveyance licensed for hire.

Some hazards are not normally insured against and must be endorsed on the policy, by agreement with the underwriters when the policy is being written. These include sabotage, vandalism and malicious mischief. Borrowed, leased, hired or rented equipment is not covered unless specifically endorsed.

There are two types of insurance forms under which loss-of-earnings insurance is written. One is the co-insurance form and has a requirement of 50% or higher co-insurance (50% or more of gross earnings).

The rate for this is approximately the same as that charged for a property damage insurance floater. If that is $1 per $100 per annum, then the loss of earnings insurance rate would be $1 per $100 per annum, depending upon the percentage of co-insurance adopted. The property damage rate is governed by the type of equipment, of course, and where it is to be operated, plus the claims experience and loss ratio.

The other form under which loss-of-earnings insurance is applicable is without co-insurance. This is restricted on the amount of earnings recoverable per month. The rate is about 50% higher.

It is, however, well suited to a small contractor, for example, whose books and records are not so exact and he has to take a stab at his applicable figure of earnings. If he took out a policy for $25,000 loss-of-earnings coverage, he would have a recoverable figure of not more than $6,250 for any one month.

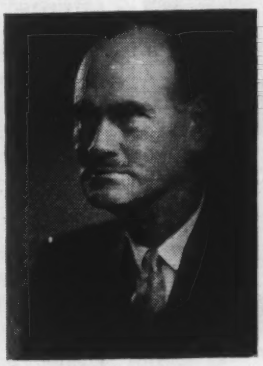
Both forms provide allowances for expediting or increased cost of work and wherever there is portable equipment concerned or machinery being installed for the purpose of increasing earnings, there is a real need for Loss of Earnings coverage. It is at present a good line of modern insurance that is not as yet being utilized to proper advantage.

Gumption and Ability

He started by selling pots and pans. After a number of jobs he finally wound up as a paper salesman. Then one day he impressed Simpson's executives, got a job with them and two months ago was named President of Simpson-Sears Ltd.

IT WAS in 1928 that a slim six-foot salesman named Graham from the Canada Paper Co., arrived at Simpson's head office in Toronto to work out a complaint over suitable paper for printing mail-order catalogues. After settling the problem with company executives, who were impressed ("I had stayed up till 3 a.m. the night before working on the complaint"), Graham was offered a job which he accepted. The same year he married Dorothy Burton, daughter of C. L. Burton, the incoming president of the company.

Two months ago (29 years after joining the company), Gordon McCalla Graham was named president of Simpsons-Sears Ltd., the second-largest mail-order company in Canada.



Gordon Graham

He has fashioned his business philosophy on his own career — "You get what you earn whether you are the boss's son, or you marry the boss's daughter". In fact, Graham prefers not to have his two sons-in-law enter the business. "I feel this way strictly for their sakes. If they've got the gumption and the ability, they'll be a success in any field, and they'll have the sense of doing it on their own."

Gordon Graham was born in Stratford, Ontario, in 1900, son of a YMCA secretary. When Gordon was still an infant, the family moved to Vancouver, where he completed high school. He came back east to take an Arts Course at the University of Toronto and paid his fees by selling aluminum pots and pans during vacations. When he graduated, he joined the firm — at $15 a week. The need for "bigger" money led him to a position as advertising manager of an insurance company. Pay: $150 a month.

As he puts it, "I wasn't satisfied", and after checking "Want Ads", found a job in a logging camp, where he dug post holes. In spite of the fact that he worked two eight-hour shifts, his chances for advancement were poor, and he quit. But by that time he was only carrying 100 pounds on his six foot frame.

He left for Montreal (on borrowed train-fare) and got a job as a salesman with the Canada Paper Co. Shortly afterwards, he "bumped" into Simpson's and Dorothy Burton.

He started with the company in the purchasing dept., but "looked around" for other work where he "would be of real benefit". After much persuasion he finally convinced his father-in-law to switch him to merchandising. "I loved the work", and he went back to a 16-hour day to prove it.

Then he persuaded company executives to allow him to start up a New York buying office. In a short time he set up a strong business. In 1935 he was sent to England and for four years he administered the company's European buying operation.

During the war he served as merchandise manager of Simpson's mail-order. It was then that Graham's health failed. Tests showed the cause was a rheumatic heart. Asked to slow down, Graham kept his punishing schedule as he stored up knowledge of U.S. methods of mail-order operation. In 1950 he was named general manager of the mail-order.

His experience paid off. By introducing new methods learned in New York, Graham was instrumental in boosting Simpson's mail-order business from a $10 million gross in 1939 to approximately $100 million in 1952. But by that time, "life became unbearable — it often took me an hour to shave, I was so weak". In the fall, Graham gambled on a risky heart-valve operation. "I haven't been in a hospital since", he says. After convalescence he jumped into the newly-formed Simpson's-Sears in 1953 as vice-president of the mail-order division. Four years later he was appointed president.

He admits he must take work home "too often", but he usually spends quiet evenings listening to stereophonic tape, playing his Hammond organ or reading.

During the summer he takes long weekends with his family at his 33-acre estate in Muskoka. "There I have time to see my family and enjoy my five grandchildren. To me, that's life."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

continent. In the face of this new giant among states, surrounded by a satellite buffer in Europe and a Chinese wall on the east, the West must view coexistence as the Soviets' method of gaining time to consolidate here and "neutralize" there, all the while exporting ideology, arms and capital assistance in the service of a creeping influence in Asia and Africa.

Yet the administrators, the scientists, the engineers, the technicians, do make decisions, and apart from freakish instances such as the onetime Lysenko domination of genetics, it is likely that these decisions are taken to solve practical problems of production and technique rather than to express or confirm an ideological premise.

If Hungary showed the limitations to Russian faith in its own concept of coexistence, Poland discloses the optimum distance the Soviets are prepared to go with their satellites—always providing that the major ideological premises, and Russian security itself, are not threatened.

The true test of the alleged Soviet reduction in tensions is not to be found abroad nor among the satellites. Here necessity may dictate occasional measures that go beyond the real wishes of the Kremlin. The true test will be the Soviet treatment of its own peoples—its tolerance of cultural and republican autonomy, the freedom for scholarship and the arts, the evidences that Russian man is to be allowed to join the tributaries if not the main stream of western humanism. Coexistence will have no serious hope or meaning for Western policy until there is greater evidence of a substantial degree of political and administrative easing in Soviet society itself.

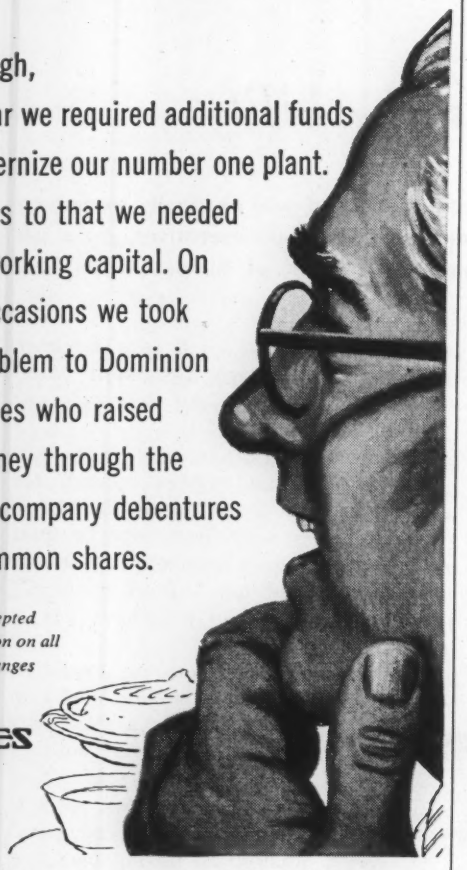
Meanwhile, without relying upon it to our peril, we should encourage "coexistence" to our advantage. Such encouragement may lead to a slackening of the chains binding the satellites, and more windows for the Russians themselves to see the world outside. There is little risk in such a policy, providing strength is maintained and the limitations of coexistence, as it touches the ultimate issues, is understood and accepted.

It very well may be that among the thousands of newly educated classes of an elaborate industrial society, western technical knowledge opens the door for other ideas, and these may fall receptively on minds already bent on problem-solving. This vast productive apparatus needs increasing flexibility to operate at its best, and herein lies the Achilles heel of doctrine — for expediency may sacrifice doctrine as the technical goals become more complex, the consumer wants more varied and the national satisfactions more refined. In the race between doctrine and expediency the latter must win if the machine is to work at its best. Coexistence then may truly begin at home and emerge a reality abroad.

John,
have you ever had to
raise more capital
for your business?

Yes Hugh,
last year we required additional funds
to modernize our number one plant.
Previous to that we needed
more working capital. On
both occasions we took
our problem to Dominion
Securities who raised
the money through the
sale of company debentures
and common shares.

Orders accepted for execution on all stock exchanges



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Gold & Dross

Brazilian Traction

The performance of Brazilian Traction is very disappointing to the shareholder. What is the trouble there? — P.M., Lethbridge, Alta.

Brazilian's earnings and dividends are high in relation to the stock's price. Dividends are, however, limited as a result of restrictions on hard currency withdrawals from the country in which the company operates. There is little prospect for alleviation of this currency shortage.

For many years, the Canadian investment community has expected reduced dividends because of this currency restriction, but its worst fears have not been realized, although the company has paid some dividends in stocks rather than cash. The investor who has stayed with the issue has had a good yield with little capital depreciation and the prospect of a continuance of this situation is no worse today than 10 years ago.

Terms

Please explain if possible the meaning of the following terms which appear in financial news "arbitrage", "dividend claim" and "put through the wringer."—B. H., Montreal.

"Arbitrage" is the simultaneous purchase and sale of securities in different markets so as to secure price differences.

A "dividend claim" is made when a dividend has been paid to a previous holder of a stock because the holder legally entitled to the dividend failed to have the stock transferred to his name in time to receive it.

"The wringer" is what a company is said to go through when it is re-organized and its shares are scaled down. The term probably is derived from "watered stock", generally implying over-capitalization. The "watered stock" expression goes back to the time when cattle sellers en route to market led their stock to the watering trough so as to increase their weight.

Page-Hersey Tubes

Please comment on Page-Hersey Tubes and the way the stock sells so high in comparison to dividends and earnings? — M. H., Winnipeg.

Few segments of the Canadian economy are growing as rapidly as the oil and gas industry. Page-Hersey is in the thick of its growth. It is well established as a maker of smaller-diameter steel tube and recently, in conjunction with the Steel Co. of Canada, commenced operation at Welland, Ont. of a pipe plant with capacity of 20-inch to 36-inch diameter. This

will enable the new mill to capitalize on the building of big-inch gas transmission lines in Canada. It is the logical supplier of tube for these lines in eastern Canada.

Some indication of what the future may hold for the company is provided by its record of earnings, which almost doubled from $2.98 a share in 1949 to $5.88 in 1955. While the company does not issue interim reports, the trend of earnings in 1956 is evidenced by payment of an extra dividend of 50 cents a share, along with the regular quarterly dividend of 75 cents, early this year.

With a 3% yield and income-tax credit, the shareholder isn't doing too badly, when you consider growth prospects. "Big-inch" pipe mills in the U.S. are booked through 1960.

Cons. Sudbury

Is there anything wrong with Cons. Sudbury which would account for its nose-dive, which has brought it down 60% or so from its high of last year?—W. F., Newmarket, Ont.

The recession in Cons. Sudbury largely reflects the reduction in the price of copper during the last year. The fellows who were shouting from the housetops a year ago that 50-cent copper was here to stay have taken to the hills; those who listened to them are still licking their wounds. Copper is down around 30 cents.

But things really don't look too blue for Cons. Sudbury, although the property would probably have to make some exceptionally good news to move the stock under current prices for the red metal. The company expects to commence production on its Sudbury district properties in mid-year at a rate of 3,000 tons a day. It has made a two-year agreement for sale of its zinc concentrates to U.S. interests and will also have copper and lead concentrates to market. Plans include construction of a roast-leach plant and this could importantly improve the economics of the operation, since it would enable the company to sell metal rather than concentrates. Savings on freight would be substantial.

American Nepheline

What have you to say about a mining stock down here called American Nepheline? Can you recommend it for a rise?—H. H., Peterborough, Ont.

Although American Nepheline digs a material out of the earth, it would hardly rate as a mining enterprise. More closely related to a gravel pit than a mine, it lacks those prospects of volatility which have put the mining market ahead of race tracks as a gaming place. The American Nepheline project is, however, not without interest.

The company is engaged in mining and treating nepheline syenite 35 miles north of Peterborough and has been undertaking a $2.5 million plant addition. This will enable greater production and lower unit costs and should result in an increase in earnings. These exceeded seven cents a share net for the first nine months of 1956 on 3 million issued shares. Sales tonnage increased 7.4% during the first six months of 1956. About 70% of the product is shipped to the glass and ceramics industry, mainly in the U.S., and research is broadening the fields of use.

Earnings for 1957 should provide a criterion of what to expect of the company with its new plant facilities, and there is a reasonable chance that they will support recent values for the stock, around $1.50 a share. The company is controlled by Ventures Ltd. and this lessens the floating supply of stock and the public participation in the company. It makes the stock harder to grab on the way up and also harder to sell on the down swing.

Canadian Vickers

How do you regard Canadian Vickers as an investment?—C.M., Owen Sound, Ont.

Selling around $29 and paying $2 a share, Vickers yields more than 6%. Price-earnings ratio is about 10 to one, which could be regarded as relatively high for a cyclical industry. There are, however, circumstances which suggest earnings may be steadier in the future.

The company manufactures marine, heavy-electrical, pulp and paper, mining, plastic and metal-working equipment. Its welfare is closely tied to the Canadian economic kite. If Canada's basic industries and economy expand during the next 25 years in keeping with the expectations of economists, Vickers should have a future which only Hollywood adjectives will be adequate to describe.

Shipbuilding business is good today on a global scale, largely as a result of the Suez situation. Apart from that, the waterways of Canada still make a vital con-

When you need information about securities you own or are thinking of buying, consult us . . . our services are readily available.

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Limited

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Saint John Quebec London, Ont. Hamilton Ottawa
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary Victoria
London, Eng. Chicago New York

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 281

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of thirty-five cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending April 30, 1957, payable at the Bank and its branches on May 1, 1957, to shareholders of record at the close of business on March 30, 1957.

Subscribers to new shares are reminded that they will rank for this dividend only in the proportion that the amount paid upon such new shares at the record date of March 30, 1957, bears to the subscription price of $30.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD

N. J. McKINNON,
President.

Toronto, March 8, 1957

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION,
LIMITED
and Subsidiary Companies

CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT OF INCOME
for the Year Ended 31 December 1956
(with corresponding figures for the year ended 31 December 1955)

	1956	1955
Gross revenue from operations	$68,323,799	$63,442,639
Deduct—		
Employment costs, materials and outside services, etc.	$30,837,061	$28,711,913
Provision for depreciation	8,402,477	8,151,735
Required for government:		
Provision for taxes on income	9,318,400	8,692,988
Property taxes	2,568,430	2,301,579
Other charges	950,461	930,668
Total operating expenses	$52,076,829	$48,788,883
Operating income	$16,246,970	$14,653,756
Add—		
Non-operating income:		
Net return from temporary and other investments	783,892	548,632
Profit through redemption of bonds at less, in the net, than principal amount	31,591	29,472
Interest charged to construction	2,747,403	1,177,426
	$19,809,856	$16,409,286
Deduct—		
Interest on bond debt	$ 7,039,969	$ 5,763,976
Amortization of bond discount and expense:		
Refunded issues	80,208	80,208
Outstanding issues	315,817	275,657
	$ 7,435,994	$ 6,119,841
Net income for the year	$12,373,862	$10,289,445
Deduct—		
Dividends on shares of subsidiaries owned by the public:		
British Columbia Electric Company Limited	$ 3,618,336	$ 3,282,936
British Columbia Electric Railway Company Limited	49,281	50,414
	$ 3,667,617	$ 3,333,350
Earnings for the year on Common Shares of parent company:		
Amount	$ 8,706,245	$ 6,956,095
Per share outstanding at year-end	$2.34	$2.05

CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT OF EARNINGS EMPLOYED IN THE BUSINESS
for the Year Ended 31 December 1956
(with corresponding figures for the year ended 31 December 1955)

	1956	1955
As at the beginning of the year	$12,557,587	$ 9,926,544
Add—		
Earnings on Common Shares of parent company per Consolidated Statement of Income	8,706,245	6,956,095
Excess provisions for prior years' taxes on income	391,100	—
	$21,654,932	$16,882,639
Deduct—		
Expenses on issue of Common Shares of parent company	$ 28,498	$ 27,169
Fees to increase authorized share capital of British Columbia Electric Company Limited	22,500	—
Commission and expenses on issue of Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of British Columbia Electric Company Limited	1,420,709	536,894
	$ 1,471,707	$ 564,063
	$20,183,225	$16,318,576
Deduct—		
Dividends on Common Shares of parent company	4,922,300	3,760,989
As at the end of the year	$15,260,925	$12,557,587

Note: Copies of the complete Annual Report may be obtained by writing British Columbia Power Corporation, Limited, 970 Burrard Street, Vancouver 1, B.C.

tribution to the development of the country's basic prosperity as evidenced by the St. Lawrence Seaway undertaking. Since the company's inception in 1911 under the wing of Vickers Ltd. of England, Canadian Vickers has built ships of every description. It acquired the Davie shipyards at Lauzon, Que. in 1951.

Engineering business is on the upswing, too. Backlog of orders to be completed by both engineering and marine divisions at Nov. 30, 1956, was considerably more than at Feb. 29, 1956, the former fiscal-year end.

Capital structure consists only of 545,000 shares; no preferred stock, no bonds or debentures. All earnings are available for dividends unless required for the business. Net profit for nine months to Nov. 30, 1956 was $1,170,782 after capital cost allowances of $331,363 and income taxes of $1,025,186. This was equivalent to $2.15 a share for the nine-month period versus $2.25 a share for the previous 12 months. But if net for the nine months were projected on a 12-months basis, the comparative figure would be $2.86 a share, or 27% more than the year ended Feb. 28, 1956.

To be considered in appraising the technical position of the stock is the fact that most of it is now held by the British parent company.

In Brief

What happened to Toburn Gold Mines? — K. H., Syracuse, N.Y.

Toburn folded after distributing its assets. Liquidator was Toronto General Trusts, Toronto.

How is Torbit Silver doing? — W. I., Ottawa.

Torbit lost money in 1956, probably as a result of lower grade of ore to the mill.

Is Macdonald Mines active? — H. M., Cobourg, Ont.

In addition to its interest in the company formed on a section of its property to ship ore to Waite Amulet, Macdonald plans a survey on the retained portion of its ground.

Is Madsen making any progress? — M.F., Ottawa.

About as much as any of the golds.

Anything new on Zolota?—V.C., Windsor.

Zolota is still in existence and that's about all.

Why did Wright-Hargreaves pass its dividend? — W. B., Halifax.

It needs the money for development work.

What is the position of Asnazu Gold Dredging? — P. D., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Asnazu will go into liquidation and distribute its assets this year.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

ENGLAND and the Netherlands held a composing match this year. The Dutchmen entered 20 two-movers and 13 three-movers, against their opponent's 14 and 6 respectively, and they were victors in both sections.

Further, the Netherlands got the awards for the best single problems in each section, and we quote the two-mover by the famous J. Hartong. The position is a block one after the key-move. England had the second placed two-mover.

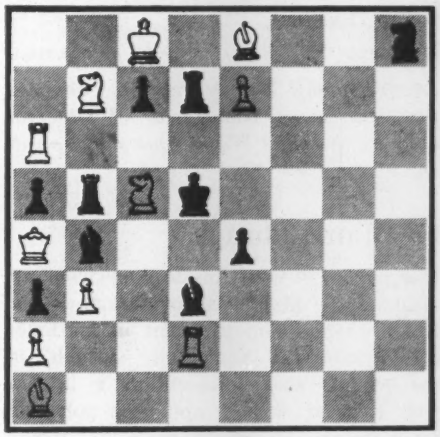
Solution of Problem No. 162.

Key-move 1.K-B3, threatening 2.Kt-B6 mate. If K-K4; 2.K-B4 mate. If Q-K4ch; 2.R-Q4 mate. If R-K4; 2.Q-B4 mate. If KtxPch; 2.QxKt mate. If RxKt; 2.QxR mate.

The Kt at R8 prevents other King key-moves, and also 1.Q-QB2.

Problem No. 163, by J. Hartong.

White mates in two.



Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

"I DON'T know how you do it!" said Steve admiringly, as he reached for the telephone. His wife had just told him a number he'd forgotten: she always has to know!

"You're too lazy, but it's easy if you can connect with something else," laughed Mary. "Take Pam's number: the first and last numbers add up to the first figure of her house, and the second and third add up to the second figure of her house."

"What a performance!" Steve was amused. "I remember her number anyway, and it's her house number multiplied by itself."

"I'm sure Pam would be flattered," commented Mary drily. She didn't have to bring up that girl's four-figure number, but what do you think it was? (45)

Answer on Page 30.

Write No Wrongs

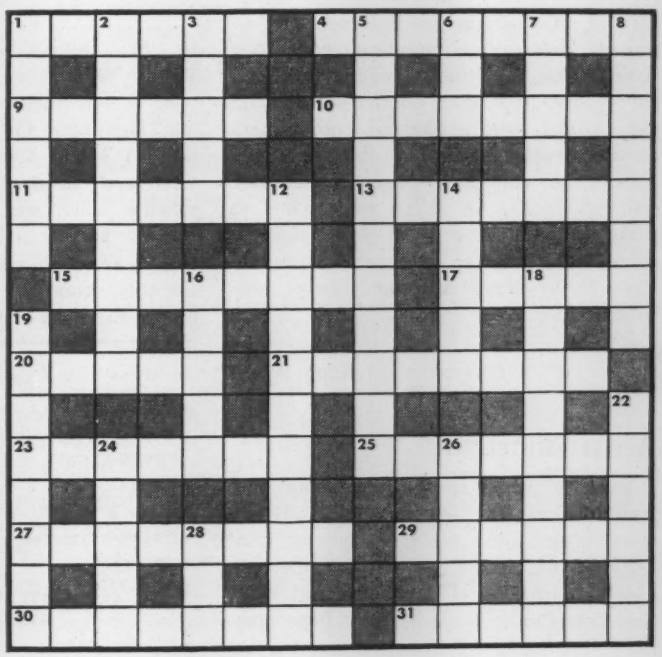
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 One can't make a super supper unless it has . . . . . (6)
4 Does this kind of trial produce a snap judgment? (2, 6)
9 Not descriptive of the Magi. (6)
10 When brats act like this, take them out! (8)
11 But surely only a calf would kiss it! (7)
13 Five hundred suffer over being 9. (7)
15 It seems one kind of cereal doesn't live in alcoholic beverages. (8)
17 The French study when loaded! (5)
20 Test of a fool? Yes! (5)
21 Darn! Go in for it, if you like decorating. (8)
23 I'm behind the times, and there's no getting out of it. (7)
25 When it follows marriage you get it before. (7)
27 It's a nice change after Hell. (8)
29 Sounds like a bicycle after it's started in cold weather. (6)
30 This strange tale does have a gloomy effect. (8)
31 The vehicle takes the hill backwards, as a matter of course. (6)

DOWN

1 A punch in the belly? (6)
2 Guardian's admonition to his upstart charges? (9)
3 The only artistic thing about "Pop goes the Weasel". (5)
5 Unemployed jester? (7, 4)
6 Suffers a reversal in 10 but 8 accepts it as it is. (3)
7 Rub a seer the wrong way. (5)
8 A strain's likely to upset them at their work. (8)
12 His livelihood hinges on the stamp of approval. (11)
14 A life-long criminal at heart. (5)
16 This poet sounds sound, and how! (5)
18 One is trained to eat here—(6, 3)
19 —but will go hungry if shamed into it. (8)
22 How to be respectable with very little money. (6)
24 Handy hollows for trees. (5)
26 Two companies have a try to make this drink. (5)
28 'ades. (3)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 Bar
3 Cocktail
9 Russian
10 Bar none
11 Amount
12 Freehand
14 Needed
16 Strewed
19 Footman
21 Esther
24, 23 One on the house
25 Smirks
28 Seaport
30 Enticer
31 See 32
32, 31 The demon rum

DOWN

1 Bargains
2 Rissole
3 Cone
4 Cabarets
5 Tar
6 Isolate
7 Jinn
8 Feeds
13 Ewers
15 Eaten
17 Manhater
18 Preserve
20 Operate
22 Haricot
23 See 24
26 Maté
27 Team
29 Oho (412)

Letters

Fighting Words

What's My Line? is a quiz show in which four professional parlor game experts are challenged to find out people's occupations. The occupations may vary, but the questions put to the guests and the methods of questioning are always the same. For panelists to take part in such a program on a permanent basis implies certain skills, but scarcely those of intellectual alertness or mental speculation.

Fighting Words is a program in which four people of assorted activities and temperaments are invited, without any preparation or rehearsal, and often without knowing one another, to identify the authorship of quotations which they must then discuss. As a rule, three unrelated subjects are presented for their consideration during the half hour. Each week the program either deals with a new issue, or a phase of some subject never discussed before.

Your Mrs. Ross invokes an odd standard indeed when she uses the same one to comment on *What's My Line?* and *Fighting Words*. The first program gives viewers the same article week after week. *Fighting Words*, which has a much higher opinion of audience intelligence, tries to provide diversity, stimulation, and good conversation. The discussion may be heated or cool, depending on the subject and the natures and feelings of commitment of the panelists. Granted that it is the custom on American programs to state positions loudly, to abjure reason and to make effects come what may, does it follow a Canadian discussion program must do the same? Argument can proceed in moderate tones too. . .

TORONTO — NATHAN COHEN
Chairman, *Fighting Words*

Anti-American?

I strongly object to the increasing anti-Americanism of your articles and editorial comment. In the current issue (March 16), you not only attack the policies of President Eisenhower and State Secretary Dulles in your Front Page comment, but carry a distorted article by Anthony West on the "U.S. Constitutional Crisis".

What you refuse to recognize is that Mr. Dulles, with Mr. Eisenhower's backing, has followed a consistent policy of containing Communism. This has been successful, even in the Middle East — and in spite of the disastrous attempt by the English, French and Israeli to substitute force for diplomacy. As for Mr. West's contention that Mr. Eisenhower heads a lame-duck administration, the best answer is the resounding majority by which Congress approved the Eisenhower Doctrine . . . .

WINNIPEG — R. A. CARROLL

Editor's note: The March 16 comment was largely an elaboration of observations by the chief Washington correspondent of the New York Times.

Of Many Things

One wonders what inside knowledge of affairs J. A. MacTavish of Saskatoon has which enables him to assert in his letter that Britain was "shamefully at fault" in the Middle East intervention. Is it not true that, if it had not been for that intervention, Soviet "volunteers" would have been swarming over the district? . . . I have been amazed for months at the howls of "they shouldn't have done it", and I have yet to hear a practical suggestion as to what *should* have been done in such a dire emergency.

TORONTO — N. L. SIMPSON

E. N. Davis's article, "Saskatchewan Wants Water", is certainly a revealing one. It has made me ponder over why our Dominion Government should hesitate to spend some $140 million on a vital and prudent natural development scheme when we are going to have a budget surplus of $300 million alone this year. The scheme itself is unquestionably sound . . . I cannot help thinking, in the light of this and numerous other instances, that the trouble is that aging men accustomed to too much power for too long a time are directing our national affairs.

TORONTO — V. STOYNOFF

If my memory serves me correctly, Messrs. Fowler & Fowler (compilers of the Oxford Concise Dictionary and authors of the King's English) wrote a book about fifty years ago, entitled, *English Usage and Abusage*. Be that as it may, Webster's classify the word "abusage" as being obsolete. Thus, you cannot be charged with having added to the language, let alone proliferized it.

WILLOWDALE, ONT. — M. H. CHEVREAU

Editor's note: Partridge has also used the word "abusage". We revived it as a jest— a rather limp one, apparently.

I was shocked to note the pointless diatribe against the CBC by Marshall McLuhan . . . Your writer infers that the CBC is undemocratic but nowhere does he prove this; he only suggests that any government-run body is by definition a monolithic monster of dull government control. I prefer to judge by the facts. Surely some recognition of minority rights and preferences is essential to the democratic ideal. We should not expect the CBC to please all of us all the time . . . The CBC has its weak points, as do other radio and TV outlets, but let us stick to the facts in discussing them.

VANCOUVER — GEORGE M. GRIFFITHS

Parliamentary Give-away

It is a little late for Norman Ward to be crying about the erosion of parliamentary power and the burgeoning of governmental authority. These trends are inherent and inevitable in a democratic system, if by democracy we mean a system of government by majority vote with the franchise allotted indiscriminately to citizens of a certain age without regard for their other qualifications . . . Members of Parliament are not elected *from* the people; they are selected as candidates by restricted party organizations — and they are not selected because they are the most capable, the most intelligent, but because they are good party men who seem likely to attract the greatest number of votes. Under these circumstances, it is impossible to obtain a Parliament whose members are capable of governing or restraining authority. Power must gravitate to the professional administrators, the civil servants, who exercise it through the men in the government.

HALIFAX — CHARLES CONNOLLY

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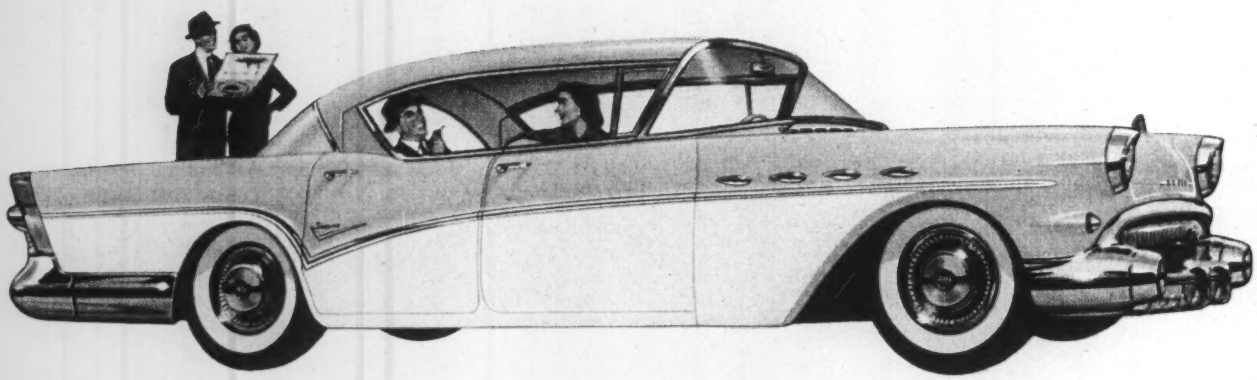

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